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LORD RUSSELL.

THE many disquisitions on the life and character of Lord RUSSELL which have been published within the last few days have necessarily been more or less alike. His qualities and his weaknesses were intelligible to all observers; and the degree of sympathy or of toleration with which they are regarded varies only with the tastes or political opinions of different writers. It is easier to form a positive judgment on Lord RUSSELL's consistent career than on the stages of opinion through which his most conspicuous rival passed during different periods of his life. Lord MELBOURNE, who exercised less influence on the policy of his party and his country than Lord RUSSELL, is a more interesting subject of personal criticism and analysis. When at some distant time the lives of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI have to be written, their biographers will be interested and puzzled by eccentricities and paradoxes for which there was no room in the career of a statesman who was through life above all things a Whig. Lord RUSSELL was seldom troubled with doubts on any subject; and he adhered without effort and without deviation to the creed which he had inherited, or which he had accepted in early youth. A firm belief in the infallibility of his teachers or political models tended to produce an excessive confidence in himself. He always spoke and thought of FOX, of ROMILLY, and in earlier times of SOMERS, as the most virtuous, as well as the wisest, of statesmen. It followed that the undoubted heir and representative of the Whig tradition could sometimes allow himself the kind of license which is often claimed as the privilege and reward of religious superiority. Lord RUSSELL was incapable of consciously preferring his own interests to the welfare of his party; and the question of balancing the merits of his party against the public good probably never raised a momentary hesitation in his mind. During sixty years it was to him an obvious truth that what was good for the Whigs was good for England. It could not be desirable that power should be exercised by those whom he regarded as the enemies of civil and religious liberty. As might be expected, he was occasionally tempted to identify the party with its leader, and to regard the claims of any competitor as mutinous pretensions. From mean vices, from avarice, from falsehood, and from corruption, he was absolutely exempt. His reliance on his principles and himself tended to confirm the political courage for which he was remarkable.

Notwithstanding his rank, his industry, and his social reputation, Lord JOHN RUSSELL rose but slowly into the front rank of his party. His occasional speeches and motions excited but moderate interest in the minds of his political allies; nor was it proposed, during seventeen years in which he sat in the House of Commons before he took office, that he should become one of the leaders of the party. When PONSONBY was succeeded by TIERNER, and when, after an interval of anarchy, Lord ALTHORP was appointed chief of the Whigs, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was never suggested as a pretender to the post. With BROUGHAM, whose wonderful powers made him a Parliamentary chief notwithstanding the suspicion and repugnance of the regular Whigs, Lord JOHN RUSSELL could not attempt rivalry. In the complicated negotiations at the accession of CANNING, and again at his death and on the fall of Lord GODERICH, Lord JOHN RUSSELL's name is never mentioned by contemporary

writers. His first considerable success was the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which has been lately recalled to memory by the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary. The grievance which was abolished was principally sentimental; but there was no plausible argument for pretending to impose religious disabilities which had practically become obsolete. There might have been imaginable reasons for excluding Nonconformists from power; but there could be no excuse for inflicting upon them a wanton affront. Lord JOHN RUSSELL had the merit and the fortune to undertake at the right moment the removal of an indefensible abuse. The faint opposition which was offered by the Government enhanced his triumph; and after 1828 his name became for the first time known to the country in general. At that time Parliamentary Reform on a large scale was regarded in the same light with some of the projects which are now annually proposed to the House of Commons on Wednesdays by amateur politicians; but Lord JOHN RUSSELL had acquired a kind of vested interest in a subject which might possibly at some future time acquire practical importance. It was to his early motions on Reform, which were founded on the precedents of the measures supported in an earlier generation by FOX, by GREY, and even by PITT, that he owed the opportunity of becoming famous. Though he was not included in Lord GREY's Cabinet at its formation, he was one of the Committee of three which framed the Reform Bill, and, in recognition of his early advocacy of the cause, he was allowed to introduce the measure into the House of Commons. At a later stage in the prolonged contest which followed, Lord ALTHORP thought it necessary to supersede his younger colleague in the conduct of the successive Bills through the House; but Lord JOHN RUSSELL's name had by that time become popular, and when the Bill was passed his services were recognized by admission to the Cabinet. The same promotion was simultaneously bestowed on a colleague who seemed at that time likely to overshadow every rival. No member of the Whig party doubted that, with the death or retirement of Lord GREY, Mr. STANLEY would become the actual or virtual chief of the party. Lord PALMERSTON indeed, who was older than either in years and in office, had offered his services to Lord GREY as leader of the House of Commons; but he had been a Tory; he was not a member of the orthodox body, or a descendant of the governing families; and indeed he never became a genuine Whig. In two or three years Mr. STANLEY, with Sir JAMES GRAHAM, seceded from the Government, and on the retirement of Lord ALTHORP from the House of Commons Lord JOHN RUSSELL became leader of the party. Lord GREY had already been driven from power by the intrigues of some of his colleagues, and Lord MELBOURNE's indolent good nature allowed Lord JOHN RUSSELL to direct in a great degree the policy of the Government. Lord PALMERSTON, who was the ablest of all the Ministers, had little influence among the constituencies, and rarely took part in debate. His ambition was for the time satisfied by the absolute control of foreign affairs, of which Lord JOHN RUSSELL had only a superficial knowledge.

In the years which followed, the choice of the party was justified by Lord JOHN RUSSELL's untiring activity and vigour. He took a chief part in the establishment of Municipal Corporations, and in the other great measures

of the Whig Ministry. His attack on the Irish Church proved to be premature; but it added to the confidence which was reposed in him by the Liberal party. He maintained a not unequal contest with Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was greatly his superior in debating power, in administrative knowledge, and perhaps in political capacity. During a struggle which lasted for seven years, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was generally in the right in principle, though he understood less completely than his rival the feeling of the country. In 1841 an overwhelming reaction proved that the nation was tired of change, and that it reposed unbounded trust in the best Minister of his time. Opposition was for the time hopeless, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL offered an obstinate but useless resistance to the Income-tax, which was the instrument of PEEL's economic reforms. The unexpected disruption of the Conservative party on the question of the Corn-laws restored Lord JOHN RUSSELL to office. He defeated Sir ROBERT PEEL by a coalition with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, who was among the most unscrupulous of politicians, and he entered on a term of office which lasted for several years; but from that time his reputation and influence declined, and eventually he lost by his own faults the supremacy which he had long enjoyed in his party. He was punished by expulsion from power for his peremptory dismissal of Lord PALMERSTON; and when he afterwards entered in a subordinate capacity the Cabinet of Lord ABERDEEN, he chiefly occupied himself with devices for recovering his former position. The chief blot on his character consists in his denunciation of the Duke of NEWCASTLE and of other colleagues during the Crimean war. A few months afterwards he committed blunder after blunder by diplomatic weakness at Vienna, and by subsequent inconsistency in his Parliamentary statements. The intrigue which was intended to make Lord RUSSELL once more Prime Minister had ended in the elevation of Lord PALMERSTON. For the rest of his life, with the exception of a single year of office as Prime Minister, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in the House of Commons or as a peer, was only the second member of the Whig party; nor could he compete with the brilliant versatility of Mr. GLADSTONE. In his retirement he was attended by general respect; but he would have ranked higher in popular estimation if he had abandoned political life in the freshness of his powers. His popular reputation was sensibly affected by an accidental peculiarity which exposed him to vulgar and unfounded ridicule. His face was sensitive, thoughtful, and generally intellectual; but by ill fortune it lent itself to caricature. Those who saw Lord RUSSELL were astonished at the conventional misrepresentation of his features and expression; but a succession of artists insisted on amusing themselves by plausible libels. In his private character Lord RUSSELL was through a long life universally respected and esteemed.

THE DIPLOMATIC CRISIS.

IT is not worth while to notice the latest rumours as to the Congress and its probable result, as long as they ebb and flow almost as regularly as the tide. Confidence and alarm equally and in turn produce reaction, and sometimes half Europe is disappointed or reassured by an accidental blunder. It is said that the statement which appeared in the Paris papers a few days ago, that the invitations to the Congress had been already issued, arose from the use for another purpose, in a telegraphic message, of the word "invitation." The German Government had accepted an invitation to take part in an Agricultural Congress; and some person who, perhaps by official facility, was enabled surreptitiously and hastily to inspect the despatch, supposed that the Powers were formally invited to join the more important Congress at Berlin. It may be hoped that the report which was consequently circulated was only premature. More authentic evidence is furnished by the appointment of Prince BISMARCK and Mr. VON BULOW to represent Germany as first and second plenipotentiaries. It has been justly remarked that the long delay which has taken place increases the chance of a satisfactory result. All the Powers, and especially England and Russia, have by this time a general knowledge of the extent and limits of probable concessions. On the other hand, it must be remembered that differences are still possible. The armaments of Austria may perhaps only be intended to strengthen the position of the monarchy at the Congress; but the unusually open declarations of Count ANDRASSY prove

that Austria and Russia have thus far not arrived at an understanding. It is also possible that England may not obtain all the modifications in the Treaty of San Stefano which are indicated in Lord SALISBURY's Circular; but, on the whole, the balance of probability is in favour of a peaceful settlement. Although the so-called formula which will define the functions of the Congress has not yet been published, it is confidently asserted that Russia has withdrawn the objection to placing the whole treaty in some manner before the Congress. It seems probable that a concession which might well have been made at an earlier period implies an intention of avoiding a rupture. It is understood that the German Government is in some manner to undertake the task of making the concession in its own name, but with the consent of Russia. On this point it was impossible that England should give way when the demand had once been formally preferred. Any other point in dispute may be urged at the Congress, though it will of course be necessary to reserve the right of declining to obey the decision of a majority.

There appears to be little fear of a collision between the Russian and Turkish armies in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. A violation of the Turkish lines by General SKOBELEFF has been disavowed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF; and probably the error will not be repeated. Although the respective strength of the Russian and Turkish armies is not accurately known, only the Correspondents who are most firmly attached to the Russian cause consider that the occupation of Constantinople could be easily or certainly effected. Two generals who possess the confidence of the Turkish army, OSMAN PASHA and MUKHTAR, are in chief command; and the engineering skill which was displayed at Plevna might, it would seem, render the lines round Constantinople impregnable. In the event of a contest, the chief danger would, in the present as in the past, arise from the not improbable treachery of some of the Ministers, and from the timidity and weakness of the SULTAN. MAHMOUD DAMAD, who is generally regarded as a chief author of the misfortunes of last year's campaign, has been suddenly recalled to office, and the rank of Grand Vizier has been revived in favour of MEHMET RUSHDI. The SULTAN appears to have been thoroughly frightened by the abortive conspiracy to replace MURAD on the throne. He is apparently convinced that his favourite brother-in-law, even if he is a traitor to the Empire, is devoted to his own person. It remains to be seen whether MAHMOUD DAMAD will make the dangerous experiment of removing the two popular generals from command. There can be little doubt that the dismissal of OSMAN and MUKHTAR would be followed by a revolution. It is unlucky that the fate of an Empire which once was great should depend on the personal qualities of a feeble despot. Although the violent deposition of ABDUL AZIZ was in the circumstances justifiable, the double change in the person of the sovereign has still further weakened the dynasty. To a smaller extent, and under wholly different conditions, the absolute government of Russia subjects European policy to the possible caprice of a single person. The Emperor ALEXANDER is thought at present to be dissatisfied with General IGNATIEFF, and to repose a marked confidence in Count SCHOUVALOFF; but it is uncertain how far his pacific tendencies may be trusted to counteract the mischievous influence of the war party. Every account from St. Petersburg is examined with anxious curiosity for the purpose of ascertaining whether the EMPEROR still listens to the advisers who directed his counsels a week or a fortnight ago.

Satirical opponents have lately affected half seriously to describe the PRIME MINISTER of England as an irresponsible autocrat. It is found, not without surprise and disappointment, that there have been two peace parties in England, and that one of them is likely to effect the common object, in spite of the unwise opposition of the other. If the Eastern question receives a pacific and honourable solution, public opinion will not unreasonably award much of the credit to Lord BEACONSFIELD. A consistent and daring policy has already induced Russia to modify her pretensions; while in all other parts of Europe it receives almost unanimous approval. The deliberately ostentatious preparations for possible war have apparently prevented an actual rupture. The advance of the English fleet into the Sea of Marmora might probably, if it had taken place when it was first proposed, have prevented or altered the Treaty of San Stefano. The later passage of the Dardanelles, after provoking in Russia an outburst of anger and menace, restored the influence of England at Constantinople at a

moment when a London newspaper placed its columns at the disposal of a disloyal Turkish functionary who announced a close alliance for the future between his Government and Russia. The retirement of Lord DERBY, and still more conspicuously the Circular of Lord SALISBURY, were followed by Russian professions of willingness to negotiate, and by a wholesome restraint imposed on the inflammatory publications of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Even the bold and surprising novelty of the despatch of troops from Bombay to Malta at least offered no impediment to the voluntary and beneficial mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF. Mr. GLADSTONE will have done much to enhance the triumph of the Government if it ultimately succeeds. His pertinacious hostility has during the present week assumed the undignified form of another speech against the Indian expedition on an occasion when the orator himself thought a division inexpedient. There is some reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE's agitation in 1876 was a principal cause of the war; and it is supposed that, when the Emperor ALEXANDER was hesitating, he deeply resented the pressure which was placed upon him by the clamour of the English philanthropists and their leader. Since the defeat of the Turkish armies Mr. GLADSTONE has on all occasions denounced resistance to the pretensions of Russia. If he had had the opportunity of pursuing the same policy in office, he would probably have irritated his countrymen beyond endurance, with the result of creating a real war party. The sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE's love of peace cannot be doubted; but political and personal vehemence has defeated his object. The English and Scotch Dissenting ministers who flatter him by unqualified declarations of approval might perhaps, if they were thinking of peace rather than of the disestablishment of the Church, find reason to transfer their sympathy and admiration to Lord BEACONSFIELD.

THREE GENERATIONS OF STATESMEN.

THE death of Lord RUSSELL has recalled to the attention of those who read the long story of his life many striking passages in the history, not only of England, but of Europe. And if for a moment we think of England only as a part of Europe, and consider Lord RUSSELL as a European rather than as an English statesman, it is not difficult to see what position he held and what part he played in the series of the great political leaders of Europe. He entered the stage of politics so early, and quitted it so late, that he witnessed the labours, the triumphs, and the reverses of no less than three distinct generations of European statesmen. Each group had its own aims, its own standard, and its own special leaders. The first was represented by Prince METTERNICH, the Duke of WELLINGTON, and the Emperor NICHOLAS; the second by Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL himself, M. THIERS, and M. GUIZOT; the last by CAVOUR, the Emperor NAPOLEON, and Prince BISMARCK. Directly these names are mentioned, it becomes apparent how distinct and how dissimilar have been the phases of European history exhibited during the sixty years and more which have elapsed since Lord RUSSELL had, as a rising and ingenious young man, to consider the character and consequences of the settlement of Vienna. The time that has gone by also enables and prompts us to view the work that was done by each of the three groups in as favourable a light as possible. In spite of blunders, misconceptions, and sometimes of manoeuvres that deserve a harder name, each group did solid and enduring work. At this very hour it may be said that England and Europe, so far as Europe is allying itself with England, are moving partly in the path of the Duke of WELLINGTON, partly in that of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, partly in that of CAVOUR and Prince BISMARCK. We apply their methods in a new way and for a new purpose; but we cannot escape from the influence of the past. For not only is history, in the absence of a great revolution, continuous, but there was enough of wisdom in the policy of each group to make the lesson of its experience valuable even after its special sphere of labour was over. The first group is in these days much the least popular, and naturally, for the action of the second group was a mild, and that of the third a violent, rebellion against the action of the first; and those who now criticize all three have for the most part not only witnessed but promoted and encouraged this rebellion. But, considering what were the recollections and what was the actual position of the first group of states-

men, it must in fairness be owned that their basis of action was in itself a good one. This basis was nothing else than a horror of war, and war they thought to be the fruit of ambition and anarchy. The enormity of the sufferings produced by the wars of NAPOLEON—wars in which the intoxicated vanity of a single man, the lust of glory and plunder, destruction of old Governments, ephemeral creation of new Governments, appeals to the people and massacres of the people, had all played their dismal part—weighed heavily on the minds of the leading statesmen who contrived, and set themselves to uphold, the Vienna settlement. The Duke of WELLINGTON, the purest, the noblest, and the ablest of this group, felt this horror of war in the fullest measure. Although he was one of the greatest captains of the world, and although he never lost a battle, he yet never failed to mourn over having to fight one. He saw in the Vienna settlement a means of preventing the ambition of any one of the Great Powers from plunging the others into war. But, in order that each Power might keep quiet abroad, it was necessary that it should be left in quiet at home. The settlement did not take the slightest notice of the wishes or aspirations of the peoples concerned. It merely provided them with the kind of government obedience to which would ensure them immunity from the calamities of war. The attitude of the Duke of WELLINGTON towards discontented persons like the Poles, the Italians, and the Belgians, was very much like the attitude of Lord DERBY towards the Christian populations of the Balkan peninsula before war broke out. It was the attitude of a statesman who replies to such discontented persons by saying that they are unfit to govern themselves, and that they had better put up with the Government they have got than try to get a better at the terrible cost of a war.

Against this mode of regarding the nations who were sacrificed by the settlement of Vienna to the supposed necessity of purchasing the absence of war at any cost the second group of statesmen rebelled; Lord PALMERSTON the most, M. GUIZOT the least, conspicuously, but still all working on a plan in strong contrast with the plan of the preceding group. The settlement of Vienna was, in their opinion, to be upheld; but it was to be silently and gradually modified. War was to be avoided, but it was to be avoided by running to the very verge of it. A good Government came to mean, not merely a Government that helped to avert a European war, but a Government that paid a decent amount of respect to the Liberal ideas prevailing in England and France. Germany, Austria, and Russia were left to do as they pleased with their own possessions, but in the smaller States of the European group the ideas that prevailed in the Vienna settlement were to prevail no longer. In Portugal, in Spain, in Greece, and in Belgium the whole policy of the leaders of the first group was reversed. The last volume of the DUKE's Despatches shows how very great was the effect on England of the French Revolution of July. The DUKE mourned over the Revolution as a tragic event which he regretted his inability to prevent or remedy. The seals of the Foreign Office changed hands, and in a week or two Lord PALMERSTON altered the whole policy of England. He identified himself with the Revolution, worked heartily with those who had profited by it in France, carried out its consequences in Belgium, aided France in coercing the reactionary Government of Portugal, and joined with France in establishing what was really a revolutionary Government in Spain. The Austrian possessions in Italy were left undisturbed, but France ventured to challenge by the occupation of Ancona the supremacy of Austria in Central Italy; and as Piedmont grew in importance it was encouraged by France and England to strive for an existence independent of Austrian control. This was the period of English and French action against the extreme pressure of the Vienna settlement, and so far were the actors from feeling a horror of war that they very nearly came to blows between themselves over the vexed question of Egypt and Syria. This period culminates in the Crimean war, which was altogether in harmony with the main characteristics of the policy of the leaders of the second group. It exhibited in an impressive manner and on a great scale the joint action of England and France. It showed how very much the horror of war had abated, for the expedition to Sebastopol was undertaken in spite of Austria's having forced Russia to accept a position which was at least nominally in accordance with the Vienna settlement. And although, so far as it was

a war against an aggressor and a disturber of the public peace, it was honestly regarded as a demonstration in favour of the Vienna settlement, yet it was in reality produced in a great measure by the prevailing dislike in England and France to the pressure which that settlement exercised on the internal government of nations. It was because the Emperor NICHOLAS had acted throughout as the more violent defenders of the settlement had acted in the years that immediately followed its establishment, had bidden Germany be quiet, and got Austria, as he thought, under his thumb, that the Western nations, especially England, wanted not only to fight, but to crush him. The period when the second group of statesmen were in the ascendant has long ago closed; but at the present moment the espousal of the cause of Greece by the English Government may be mentioned as an instance of how statesmen of our day find themselves willing or compelled to act on the lines which the statesmen of the second group made specially their own.

After the Crimean war English policy entered on a new phase. England kept aloof from Continental politics; for what was going on was too big for her to meddle with, was outside her programme, and yet presented much that awakened her sympathies on one side or the other. The statesmen of the third group were in direct opposition to the framers of the Vienna settlement. They had no horror of war at all. They thought big battles an indispensable part of their policy, and they simply tore up the Treaty of Vienna so far as in any direction they thought it convenient that it should be torn up. If there were any parts of the settlement to which its framers attached supreme importance, they were the invention of the German Confederation, designed to create in central Europe a power too strong to be attacked and too weak to attack others, and the entrusting to Austrian hands the guardianship of the Italian Quadrilateral. The general result of the labours of the statesmen of the third group was to sweep away the German Confederation, to erect in the centre of Europe the most powerful of military monarchies, and to take away from Austria the guardianship of the Quadrilateral. If, again, there was one thing more than another which was ignored in the Vienna settlement, it was the existence of nationalities. To appeal to the right which nationalities have to exist as a sufficient ground for gigantic wars was the leading feature of the policy of CAVOUR, NAPOLEON III., and PRINCE BISMARCK. While holding aloof, England watched, criticized, and felt, and the bias of English opinion was very strongly in favour of Italian unity, and decidedly, though less strongly, in favour of German unity. During a large part of the period when the policy of the statesmen of the third group was in full swing, Lord RUSSELL was in office, and he was perhaps as much content that England should stand aloof as any one. But he had a restless nature, and he remembered the time when England, with his assent and partly under his direction, had been accustomed to play a more active part. He could not do absolutely nothing; but as he could do no more, he contented himself with offering moral remarks and reading moral lectures to Europe. Further than in a readiness to accept, and even to welcome, the consequences of the creation of Italian and German unity, English statesmen of the present day have little in common with the statesmen of the third group. Great schemes, holy wars, violent changes, are out of keeping with English policy, for England needs none of them. But in one way it is obvious that the position created for England by the adventurous statesmen of the third group told on the policy of the present Cabinet. The war of Russia on behalf of oppressed Slavs had a certain resemblance which might be merely superficial, but could not be wholly ignored, to the wars of CAVOUR and the EMPEROR. We were not certain whether we ought wholly to disapprove of it, for the ulterior designs of Russia were only a matter of suspicion. The English Government announced that it would at any rate protect British interests. England was not sure as to what she wanted for Europe, but she was sure as to what she wanted for herself. She was a Power keeping aloof; but, because she kept aloof, was driven to think all the more earnestly what were her own special necessities. This phase of English policy has now passed away; but that it should have existed brings to remembrance how powerfully the thoughts and labours of these three generations of statesmen colour in different ways, and at different times, all that we do and propose in the present.

MALTESE GRIEVANCES.

THE difficulties of a Colonial Secretary are very well illustrated by a Parliamentary paper which has just been printed containing a Report of Mr. ROWSELL's on the taxation and expenditure of Malta, and a despatch on the same subject from Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. The Letter of Instructions with which Mr. ROWSELL was armed tells us that the original object of his visit to Malta was the benefit of his health, and that, on learning that he was about to go there on this ground, Lord CARNARVON desired to avail himself of his services in examining the question of the taxation of food in the island. It is to be hoped that Mr. ROWSELL's illness was not of a kind which required rest as well as change of climate. The thoroughness with which he performed his task can have left him but little time for either idleness or recreation. His instructions allowed him to extend his inquiries to the operation of taxes other than those on grain, as well as into the expenditure of the colony, and his Report covers the whole of the ground thus indicated. The opinion of every class of Maltese society was asked, and every class except the shopkeepers freely gave it. From the large and miscellaneous body of evidence thus brought together, Mr. ROWSELL has attempted to select all that was relevant, and has apparently succeeded extremely well. The financial needs and grievances of Malta are thoroughly set out in his Report; and everything that the Government could wish to know before undertaking to supply the one and remedy the other has been furnished them in a most convenient shape.

The revenue of Malta is mainly derived from Customs duties, which in 1876 furnished 106,000*l.* towards an expenditure of 167,000*l.* Of this sum nearly 50,000*l.* was derived from dues on wheat. This charge is levied exclusively for revenue purposes, since wheat grown in Malta pays a duty of 10*s.* a quarter equally with imported wheat. The chief objection to raising so large an amount of revenue from this single article is that the cost of administration falls very unequally on the several classes of the Maltese community. Bread or some other preparation of wheat forms the staple food of the labourers. According to their wages and the nature of the employment they eat from 3½ lbs. to 5 lbs. of breadstuff a day per head. Only two-fifths of the meat consumed in the island is eaten by the Maltese—the rest all falling to the share of the troops, the sailors, and the English residents. The people “bring their batch of bread with them to their work, and eat it with a little oil, a small piece of fish, or a slice of cheap Sicilian cheese.” Mr. ROWSELL estimates that the Maltese working class pays annually in wheat dues 10*s.* a head, while the upper and middle classes pay 5*s.* a head. This discrepancy is not set right by the incidence of the other Customs duties. About 5*s.* more added to each of the above figures will give the relative shares of the whole sum obtained from this source. A system under which the poor contribute 15*s.* a year towards the expenses of the Government, while the comparatively rich contribute only 10*s.*, cannot be regarded as satisfactory.

Mr. ROWSELL then passes in review all the imposts that have been suggested as qualified to take the place of the wheat duty. He rejects a duty on coal, as likely to deprive the island of some of the benefits which it now derives from its convenience as a coaling station. Tobacco furnishes the Maltese with one of their few manufacturing occupations. The leaf, no matter whence derived, is manufactured into cigars and cigarettes, and sent away as a Maltese export, and anything which would check this humble industry is to be deprecated. The estimated revenue derived from a tax on tobacco would be greatly lessened by smuggling, and in order to check this, every person landing on the island, even for a few hours, would have to be subjected to a Custom-house examination. The result would be that many of the passengers in the steamers which touch at the island would not land at all, so that Malta would lose the considerable trade which now goes on in lace, jewelry, and other specialities of the island. Mr. ROWSELL's opinion on the proposal of an increased spirit duty is more favourable. Spirits are a good deal drunk; and, in the opinion of persons likely to know, they would be drunk to nearly the same extent if the duty were doubled. As regards wine, Mr. ROWSELL is also of opinion that the duty should be increased, though only by half instead of by the whole of the present

amount. The main reason for this seems to be that, in the event of the duty on wheat being very largely reduced without any addition being made to the wine duty, the fiscal system of Malta would fall into the opposite vice to that under which it now labours, and the working class would contribute less than their fair proportion to the expenses of the State. The present duty on common wine is a fraction more than 3*d.* a gallon. Mr. ROWSELL would make it a fraction more than 4½*d.* By these and one or two smaller expedients he provides about 36,000*l.*, or three-fourths of the present yield of the wheat duty. The balance he proposes to meet partly by reduction in expenditure, partly by the imposition of a house tax, and of certain stamp duties. In this way the incidence of the revenue would be, in the upper and middle classes, from 10*s.* 10*d.* a head to 13*s.* 9*d.*, and, in the working class, from 15*s.* 7*d.* a head to 8*s.* 11½*d.*

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH accepts Mr. ROWSELL's conclusion as regards the necessity for some readjustment of taxation in favour of the poorer classes of the people. But, having in view the "ancient and complicated institutions" of Malta, the poverty of its soil, the dislike of its inhabitants to emigration, and the uncertain results of any change, he does not propose in the first place to do more than reduce the wheat duty by one-half. The duty on common wine is also to be raised, but only by one-fifth instead of one-half of its present amount; so that the benefit to the working classes of the SECRETARY OF STATE's scheme may perhaps be taken as about equivalent to that of Mr. ROWSELL's. The smaller items proposed by Mr. ROWSELL are adopted by the SECRETARY OF STATE, with one or two exceptions. The house duty, in particular, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH omits altogether. It is not very clear what is his objection to this last tax, because in Malta the Government takes on itself many expenses, such as lighting and draining, which are elsewhere paid out of local funds. The new duties suggested by Sir M. HICKS-BEACH will furnish a sum about 5,000*l.* in excess of the loss caused by the charge in the wheat duty. This balance will be charged with the cost of certain drainage works which the Government hold to be absolutely essential to the public health, and which have already been partially executed at the expense of the Imperial Government.

This last proposal seems to have roused the wrath of the Maltese taxpayer. He very much dislikes being made to pay for drainage, and he accuses the Imperial Government of wishing to ensure the health of its soldiers and sailors at the expense of the Maltese. When Mr. ROWSELL's Report reached Malta, and before there had been time for it to be read, much more translated, a mob assembled at the Palace to protest against any increase whatever in taxation. The agitation seems to have been of a most trumpety kind, and to have rested entirely on a misconception of what either Mr. ROWSELL or the SECRETARY OF STATE has really proposed. The rioters had been persuaded, it seems, that all manner of new taxes were about to be imposed on them, while they were ignorant of the very substantial reductions in which they will find a far more than compensating benefit. Probably the real instigators of this silly outbreak are to be found among those more respectable taxpayers who have no wish to see the present fiscal arrangements, with their convenient apportionment of public burdens, modified in any way whatever.

THE REPRESSION OF SOCIALISM.

THAT persons who call themselves Socialists are often eminently foolish, vulgar, and annoying, and that they are sometimes dangerous and need to be punished and repressed, is a fact with which the respectable portion of society is becoming every day better and more painfully acquainted. From Socialism in its worst forms we are indeed as yet free in England; but Socialist black sheep join the other black sheep who, for reasons of prudence or adventure, flock from beyond the Channel, and every Englishman must regret that the CROWN PRINCE of Germany had to be protected by the police against a gang of so-called Socialists, who attempted to interfere with a deputation waiting on the heir to the German throne for the innocent purpose of congratulating him on his father's escape from assassination. It is also from the Continent of Europe that the influx of Socialists has reached the United States and commenced a movement which causes some alarm among orderly people

there. It is even said that the Socialists there openly drill, in order to arrange and practise their forces for a resort to arms. Probably there is some exaggeration in such reports, and we may be quite sure that, if there were anything like a Socialist rising in the States, it would be put down without anything like misplaced tenderness. But that the Americans should have to suppress a rising is a very unwelcome thought to the citizens of a free State, and all people of English descent have a great and wholesome distaste for the use of military force in aid of the law. For the time, at least, Socialism is crushed in France. It thought it had a great chance in 1871, tried it, and failed; and Germany has now taken the place of France as the headquarters of aggressive Socialism. There can be no doubt that Socialism has become an element in German society which is growing in strength and in the power of creating possible peril. A German writer of some eminence lately gave it as his fixed opinion that some day there must be a bloody struggle in Germany between the parties of order and disorder, and that it was next to impossible to say which would win. This day seems very far off at present. So long as the German army is as powerful and as loyal as it is now, the mice might as well rise against the cats as Socialists against the regiments of the EMPEROR. The problem which Germans have to solve is, not how to kill Socialists if they begin a civil war, but how to repress them enough, and not too much, while they keep within the pale of the law.

The very unhappy and ill-considered attempt of the German Government to solve the problem has been swiftly disposed of by a crushing majority in the Parliament. Even after the Bill had been relieved of its most objectionable clause by the Federal Council, it still seemed to the Parliament so objectionable that only 52 members were found ready to support it, while 257 voted against it. At one time it was said that, if there should be a majority against the Government, there was to be a dissolution, but the majority is far too large for anything of the kind to be tried. All those whose opinions have most weight in the constituencies have been loud in their condemnation of the Bill, and Prince BISMARCK appears to have carefully, if quietly, intimated that the Bill was not his Bill. Perhaps he is not sorry to have had an opportunity of letting those with and for whom he is supposed to work see how badly they get on when they try to do something striking in the way of legislation on their own account. Into the grounds urged in debate for the rejection of the Bill it is unnecessary to enter, because they are too obvious for criticism. A Bill which proposed to hand over an indefinable kind of person called a Socialist to the police, to do what it liked with him, can hardly be spoken of seriously. But the discussion that took place was not without its interest and value. It threw very considerable light on what Socialism is, how it has gained strength, and what can or cannot be done to repress it. More especially, a curious account was given of the connexion of the Government and of Prince BISMARCK with Socialism. A Privy Councillor named WAGENER was the instrument used by the PRINCE in his coquetting with a party which he once thought likely to be exclusively dangerous to his political adversaries. Deputations from the provinces to complain of the oppression of manufacturers were ostentatiously encouraged. A weaver received 12,000 thalers of public money to start a manufacturing association. Socialist journals were subsidized. Socialist gatherings were protected by the police, while Liberal meetings were permitted to be broken up by gangs of Socialist roughs, and it was found practically impossible to hold Liberal meetings at all. This state of things went on until 1872, when Prince BISMARCK changed his policy. He allied himself more or less frankly with the Liberal party in order to get support for his new invention, the German Empire, of which this party is the only real and trustworthy defender. Since then Prince BISMARCK has gradually got more determined in treating the Socialists as his enemies. Far from helping them, he has used them as a scarecrow to frighten the middle class into a zealous support of his administration, and he has in recent years been fond of pointing out that German unity had to contend with two adverse forces—that of Socialism as well as that of Ultramontanism; and lately perhaps he has been inclined to point to the force of Socialism as the more dangerous of the two. But, if this petting of Socialism has ceased at Berlin, it has continued on the very borders of Prussia. The Court party at Dresden

even in the last elections promoted the candidature of a Socialist, has smiled on explosive journalism, and has done on a small scale what Prince BISMARCK used to do on a large scale. It was Leipsic that had the distinction of sending forth HÜDEL to the German world; and no doubt the fact that Saxony should have been the home of the assassin has now worked on the Dresden Court, and made it swing round in the fashion represented by the proposal of the defunct Bill. The folly of petting Socialism, and the folly of proposing to put it down by placing all adversaries of the Government at the mercy of the police, are quite in harmony with each other.

To pet Socialism, to rage against it, and to use it as an instrument of governing by working on the fears of quiet people, were all among the familiar arts of the French Second Empire. Fortunately Germany, though it may not as yet have a very good political system, has a system very much better than that under which the EMPEROR prepared the way for the burning of Paris. The German Parliament is enough of a real Parliament to look on a legal question as a matter of law, and not of administration, and to speak its mind about Governments that have recourse to dangerous arts in order to win a passing party triumph. That mode of repressing Socialism which consists in making the governing classes ashamed to play with revolution has probably been secured for Germany by the recent debate. The Court of Dresden will henceforth be rather shy of laying itself open to be denounced as it was denounced by its Parliamentary critic. This may be said to be the first way of repressing Socialism—namely, that it shall not be artificially encouraged. Then, again, it was explained in the course of the debate how it happens that the lowest type of Socialists can indulge with impunity in the foul libels which they launch against those whom they wish to frighten. The injured person, if he proceeds at law on his own account, can never make his calumniator suffer more severely than by having to pay at the utmost *rol.*; and if he thinks that the criminal law ought to come to his aid so that the punishment may be really deterrent, he cannot take a step by himself, and the Public Prosecutor will, as a rule, not help him. This is a direction in which an effective repression of the very worst kind of Socialism is legitimate and possible. All libellers ought to be punished, and punished effectually, in the ordinary course of law, and the Parliament showed not only its readiness but its desire to see that Socialists who commit crimes shall be adequately punished. But there is a further mode of repressing Socialism which seems to find favour with some who are rendered timid by the dangers which Socialism presents, but which it is satisfactory to find was altogether repudiated by the leading Parliamentary speakers. This is the ostracism of opinions which, as developed by those who pervert them, are a cause of danger to society. It is equally wrong and foolish to think that Socialism can be repressed in this way. As Herr LASKER said, all the world has a Socialistic aim in view if this means the aim of improving the condition of the poor. How that condition is to be improved must, in every country that is not a prison-house, be a matter of fair and free discussion. Whenever it is thought to be a matter to be nominally discussed by utterances of regulation opinions and by repetitions of the same truisms and the same statistics, the truths that ought to govern modern nations can never have any real vitality, or any sure hold on the governors or the governed.

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTIONS.

MOST readers of Parliamentary debates probably passed over with little notice a complaint which was lately made of the SPEAKER's refusal to allow a certain question to remain on the paper. There was a strong presumption that the SPEAKER was in the right, and it was still more easily assumed that the aggrieved member was likely to be in the wrong. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and other persons of authority approved the ruling of the SPEAKER, and the matter to which the question related was of very little importance. Nevertheless it is always worth while to observe changes or attempts at change in Parliamentary practice. The tendency to bring all the details of administration under the immediate control of the House of Commons is constantly increasing. If a bench of magistrates inflicts a sentence which seems too lenient

or too severe, the Home Secretary is asked for a statement of facts and for an expression of his own opinion. The Chief Commissioner of Works is expected in the same manner to give an account of his administration of the Parks; and sometimes the Secretary of the Treasury is required to explain the refusal or curtailment of a trifling pension. A recent extension of the practice includes even the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board among the holders of office who are held accountable to the House of Commons. Although it is only an accident that Sir JAMES HOGG has a seat in the House, inquisitive members take advantage of his personal position to claim a control over the affairs of his department. The popularity of a Minister, and more especially of the leader of the House, is greatly affected by the temper and manner of his answers to questions. One of the many converging causes which overthrew the last Ministry was the supercilious or epigrammatic tone which was employed by some of its members to rebuke troublesome and pertinacious curiosity. By greater tact Mr. DISRAELI conciliated friends and enemies, not having, while he remained in the House of Commons, been convicted or suspected of a dark and dangerous conspiracy against the liberties of England and the peace of the world. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, if he is less felicitous in language, is patient and courteous, though his toleration has been severely tried. In addition to his other duties, he is now often urged to publish an oral and authentic edition of the latest telegraphic news which has appeared in the evening papers; and one or two members, with no intelligible object unless they wish to aid a possible enemy in case of war, from time to time ask the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to betray such secrets of State as the exact position of all the ships in the Bay of Marmora. The SPEAKER has no power to interfere as long as members confine themselves strictly to the process of interrogation. It is not his duty or his right to remind the House of Commons that it is not instituted for purposes of gossip.

It fortunately appears that the SPEAKER is able to check the growth of a still more recent excrescence. In the House of Commons, as in private society, a question is sometimes framed for the purpose rather of affirming a proposition than of eliciting information. English courts of law prohibit, except under certain conditions, the practice of asking leading questions which suggest the expected answer. Argumentative questions, which have been in one instance lately condemned by the SPEAKER, are still more objectionable. Unless the abuse were restrained, almost any statement might be published without responsibility in the form of a question. It is necessary to make exceptions from the general rule, for in some cases it would be impossible to understand a question which may be in itself legitimate without some preliminary explanation; but in the majority of instances assumptions and implied arguments are to be excluded. As a discretion must be exercised in the admission or exclusion of doubtful questions, the House of Commons is well advised in deferring habitually to the authority of the Speaker. As he himself explained, he is the servant and the organ of the House; and indeed it is in that capacity that he exercises a large and almost indefinite power. There can be no doubt that his decisions may, at the pleasure of the House, be overruled; but in ordinary cases one of the most wholesome of Parliamentary traditions enforces absolute submission to his judgment. He has not been too hasty in checking the tendency to make assertions under pretence of asking questions. Members with grievances will have to content themselves with such opportunities as they may find for making formal motions. In some instances the object may perhaps be obtained by an exercise of ingenuity. A skilful querist often extracts from a Minister an answer which apparently requires further explanation, or even a detailed statement of facts. It is also possible to imply an argument in a question to which no technical objection can be raised. If it were asked whether a person appointed to an office had been previously convicted of some offence, the suggestion would require no additional comment.

It has always been found necessary to provide vents for dissatisfaction, and to give members facilities for calling the attention of the House to matters which were not the subjects of formal legislation. Some sticklers, indeed, for supposed utility have contended for the strict subordination of promiscuous debate to the regular business of Parliament. Mr. LOWE, when he was in office,

more than once expressed the opinion that the time allowed to private members for proposals of their own was all but wasted. The Government ought, as he contended, to have all possible means of transacting the administrative and legislative business with which it is charged. If no margin were left for crotchets and for theoretical debates, Mr. LOWE would not regret the loss. Experience nevertheless shows that the House will not allow itself to be converted into a financial and legislative machine. The body in which ultimate sovereignty is vested naturally and properly postpones all ordinary duties to the discussion of Imperial questions. In a great national crisis it is impossible to concentrate the attention of the House of Commons on domestic affairs. Even where matters of far less importance are involved, current events are often found more interesting, if not more pressing, than the clauses of Government Bills. It is notorious that the personal discussions by which business is sometimes interrupted attract more attention than many more serious topics. At present, even when there is no deliberate obstruction, too much of the time of the House is occupied with desultory discussions. One day out of five is avowedly sacrificed to debates which have in the great majority of instances no immediate result. Of the time which remains, many hours are on the average necessarily occupied with Estimates and Supply; and active members take frequent opportunities of criticizing various branches of the public service under pretext of objecting to particular votes. An Irish member lately contrived to discuss the whole subject of secular or denominational education by objecting to a vote for pens and paper which might be applied to meet the wants of certain institutions which he disliked.

A generation has passed since it was found necessary to suppress debates on the presentation of petitions. The practice had been useful, and perhaps not inconvenient, when comparatively few members were in the habit of addressing the House. It was by a series of powerful speeches on petitions presented for the purpose that BROUGHAM, nearly seventy years ago, compelled the Government of the day to abandon the Orders in Council which purported to establish a blockade on all the coasts of the French Empire. If he had been hampered by modern restrictions, he would have been obliged to content himself with one or more formal motions on which he would have been defeated by Ministerial majorities. His triumph was effected by constant reiteration of argument and invective to which the Government had no plausible answer. After the Reform Bill large numbers of members engaged in debate, and the House was compelled to reduce petitioners or their patrons to silence. The rights of private members are still not inconsiderable, for they may ask questions which sometimes occupy an hour in the early part of the evening; they may speak on every Government measure, and, if they think fit, they may move amendments; and they have Wednesday to themselves for fanciful Bills and motions, and a part of Friday for miscellaneous discussion. The difficulty of passing Government Bills seems constantly to increase. It was strange that, in a Session unusually barren even of projects of legislation, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who was evidently earnest in his anxiety to pass the new Criminal Code, was not allowed to introduce so important a measure until Parliament had been sitting four months. As the Bill will be referred to a Select Committee, it will almost certainly be postponed to another year. It may be assumed that Lord CAIRNS'S Bankruptcy Bill, which was the only other measure of legal reform, has been already abandoned. There seems to be no present reason for extending the license which is enjoyed by private members. They have been opportunely reminded by the SPEAKER that their questions, though they are allowed even when frivolous and indiscreet, must not be asked in an argumentative form.

HOME AND FOREIGN MEAT.

THE Animals' Contagious Diseases Bill has been amended in an important particular. Fat cattle coming from the United States and Canada are no longer ordered to be slaughtered at the port of landing. Two considerations suggest themselves in relation to this change. Is it beneficial in itself, and does it necessitate, as a matter of consistency, a similar relaxation in regard to any European countries? The answer to the first question must be given by experts. Speaking generally, all restrictions upon the

importation of cattle are an evil, and they only cease to be an evil when it can be shown that unfettered importation is a greater evil still. The more healthy cattle can be brought into this country the better for the consumer; and it cannot be too often repeated that, in legislating against cattle disease, it is the consumer who ought to be considered. Even if no meat were eaten in this country except such as came from abroad, that would not in itself be a change to be regretted. Great temporary distress, no doubt, would be inflicted on the farmers; but the fact that foreign competition had driven them from the meat market would be sufficient proof that they had no business to remain in it. The reasons for passing a Cattle Diseases Bill are that the greater part of the meat supply of the country is raised in the country; that, provided disease can be kept at bay, it can be raised better and more cheaply in this country than abroad; and, consequently, that if the distribution of foreign cattle throughout Great Britain is the main source of disease, it is the consumer who will benefit by the cessation of that distribution. There would be no ground for questioning the policy of allowing importation from Canada and the United States if it were not that the introduction of the permission is an afterthought; but it must be presumed that the Government are satisfied that there is no danger of any diseased cattle being imported from those countries. If they are not clear upon this point their consent to the amendment is unintelligible, because, if a single loophole is left open through which diseased cattle can find their way into this country, the Bill becomes useless. The principle on which the Bill goes is that no amount of vigilance on the part of the Privy Council is sufficient to ensure the exclusion of disease if animals imported from countries in which disease may, and from time to time does, exist are allowed to leave the port of landing alive. Every precaution may be taken to ascertain the existence of disease in the particular country or in the particular cargo, but there will always be cases in which these precautions will come to nothing. The ground, therefore, on which Canada and the United States can claim exclusion from compulsory slaughter must be either that the contagious diseases dealt with by the present Bill do not exist in them, or that there are means of protecting native cattle against contagion coming from America which there are not in the case of contagion coming from Europe.

Lord SALISBURY appears to hold the latter view. "The United States and Canada," he said on Monday, "are at such a distance that the voyage itself is a natural quarantine." If this is the fact, it supplies a very good reason for drawing a distinction between America and Europe when legislating on the diseases of cattle. But is it a fact? That is a point on which there is certainly considerable difference of opinion; and, considering that the whole Bill is shaped by a desire to be on the safe side when dealing with cattle disease, it seems strange that the Government should accept the security furnished by a voyage of moderate length as complete if there is any reasonable doubt whether it really is complete. On the other hand, if it be a fact that the length of the voyage is a natural quarantine, it is extraordinary that it should have been left to the Select Committee to discover it. The length of the voyage from America is known, and the duration of the period of incubation in the several diseases mentioned in the Bill is known. Why could not the Government have put together these two facts, and exempted Canada and the United States from the provisions relating to compulsory slaughter without waiting to be put right by a Select Committee? In a measure of this kind it is wiser to draft it at first in the form which, so far as its authors are concerned, it is intended that it shall finally assume. If a Select Committee of the Lords is allowed to strike out one country, a Select Committee of the Commons can hardly be prevented from striking out another. Lord RIFON has made out a plausible case in favour of admitting cattle from Denmark, and Norway is admitted by the Duke of RICHMOND to be absolutely free from disease. The attempt which has succeeded in the case of Canada and the United States is certain to be repeated, and repeated with a far greater sense of encouragement than would have been felt if the Government had not given way on one occasion already.

It will certainly be contended by the opponents of compulsory slaughter that the Government are bound in consistency to go further and to maintain the old distinction between scheduled and unscheduled countries

even in Europe. Denmark, according to Lord RIXON, has sent us a quarter of a million of cattle during the last eight years, and of these only thirty-six have been diseased. In 1876 she sent us 57,966 cattle, and only eight were diseased. May not the Privy Council be allowed some discretion in regard to a country which can come so near to total immunity as this? The answer is that no European country, however free from disease it may be at any given moment, can possibly stand in the same position as America. We are not now thinking of the length of the voyage, but of the facilities which necessarily exist for moving cattle from one part of a continent to another. If Canada were infected and the United States were free, or if the United States were infected and Canada free, it would be of no avail to prohibit importation from one country without prohibiting it from the other. If Canadian cattle were shut out from our ports, they might come in as United States cattle. If United States cattle were shut out from our ports, they might come in as Canadian cattle. Putting aside the length of the voyage and the security thereby afforded, whatever its worth may be, that disease will have manifested itself before the cattle can be landed, it is only possible to admit cattle from the United States or from Canada on the hypothesis that they can be safely admitted from both alike. In Europe this kind of security is unattainable as long as any country remains infected. To except cattle imported from Denmark from the provisions relating to compulsory slaughter would be simply to insure that cattle from the infected countries bordering on Denmark were imported by way of Denmark. If submission to compulsory slaughter at the port of landing is so great a disadvantage to the merchant as it is sometimes represented to be, it will be worth taking cattle some way round to exempt them from it. The prohibition against importation from Germany or Russia might be absolute; but if importation from Denmark were permitted, what is to prevent cattle from Germany or Russia from being sent here as cattle from Denmark? The Privy Council cannot insist on every animal being branded, like an alpenstock, with the names of the places through which it has been carried. They must ordinarily take it on trust that what purports to be the country of origin is really such.

Lord EMLY raised a point on Tuesday which scarcely obtained the consideration it seems to deserve. The importation of cattle from Ireland cannot be prohibited, since to do so would be to concede the contention of the Home Rulers that Ireland and England stand to each other in the relation of foreign countries. Consequently our security against disease coming from Ireland lies in the adequacy of the domestic precautions taken against it. Lord EMLY is of opinion that the Veterinary Department of the Irish Privy Council is not strong enough for the work it has to do, and he accordingly proposed that the administration of the Act in Ireland as well as in England should be vested in the English Privy Council. Lord SPENCER suggested that it might be less easy to act with promptitude if orders had to be issued from London, instead of from Dublin, and he preferred to see the Irish Veterinary Department improved. The Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON promised to inquire whether there was any feasible mode of strengthening the department, so as to enable it to command as much respect in Ireland as the sister department does in this country. This hesitating and tentative tone hardly befits the importance of the matter under discussion. If contagion is allowed to spread among cattle in Ireland, it will certainly show itself among cattle in England, so that, even from strictly selfish considerations, the Irish Veterinary Department ought to be either abolished or improved. The former alternative might require some courage, but the latter can be only a question of money; and, where so important an industry is involved, it cannot be worth while to save the salaries of a handful of competent officials.

UNNECESSARY SCHOOLS.

THE debate on Mr. PEASE's motion on Tuesday disclosed a curious uncertainty in the minds of those who took part in it. The friends of voluntary schools were found speaking on opposite sides, according as they were more impressed with the importance of restricting the multiplication of the schools they dislike, or with the danger of restricting the multiplication of the schools they like. The

discussion arose out of the action of the Education Department in the town of Stanhope. A School Board was formed there in 1873, and five School Board schools have since been opened. It is not contested that, after these schools had been built, there was sufficient school accommodation in the district. But the population of Stanhope is largely composed of Dissenters; and the School Board, not being animated with the usual hostility of School Boards to Denominational education, thought it hard that there should be no school specially assigned to Dissenting children, and asked leave to build one. The Education Department fell back on the 98th Section of the Act of 1870, which gives them power to refuse an application from "the managers of any school which is situate in the district of a School Board, and is not previously in the receipt of a Parliamentary grant, whether such managers are a School Board or not, if they think that such school is unnecessary." After this refusal the Wesleyans determined to try their fortune. They built a school of the same size and designed for the same class of children as the school which the School Board had not been allowed to build, and then asked to be placed on the list of annual grants. The Department answered that there was already sufficient school accommodation in Stanhope, and implied that there was no reason why they should do for the Wesleyans what they had refused to do for the School Board. The Wesleyans feel aggrieved at this decision, because they have been at the pains to build the school out of their own pockets, and the Government Inspector has praised the arrangements and furniture, and declared the results of the examination decidedly good. The Department adhered to their refusal, and in the new edition of the Code now lying on the table of the House of Commons a clause appears, providing that no grant is to be made in respect of any new school if the Education Department think the school unnecessary.

The discussion partly turned on the general policy of refusing grants to new schools, and partly on the alleged discrepancy between the words of the Act of 1870 and the words of the Code. Upon the latter point it is plain that the words of the Code have about them an air of greater strength than belongs to the words of the Act. There is certainly a difference in spirit between giving permission to the Department to refuse a grant if they think a school unnecessary, and a direction not to give a grant if they think a school unnecessary. The one seems to suggest occasional action, the other points directly to regular action. Under the Act the Department might only refuse grants in very rare cases and in very exceptional circumstances. Under the Code the opinion of the Department that a school is not wanted is kept much more steadily in view, and is treated as a contingency that has constantly to be contemplated and provided against. At the same time this distinction does not actually bring the Code and the Act into collision. The Act gives the Department a discretionary power; the Code says in effect that this discretionary power shall be regularly invoked. But under the Code, as under the Act, the discretionary power remains. It is true, as Mr. FORSTER pointed out, that the Act only says that a grant may be refused if the Education Department think a school unnecessary; whereas the Code says that a grant is not to be made if the Department think a school unnecessary. But the essence of the discretion lies in the thoughts of the Education Department. It does not appear that there is a direction in the Code any more than in the Act as to when they shall think a school unnecessary. They are to be guided in coming to a decision by a full consideration of all the circumstances of the particular case. They thought this Wesleyan school at Stanhope unnecessary, and consequently they refused a grant. It does not follow from this that they need think a Baptist school in the next town unnecessary, or that, if one is built, they will refuse a grant to it. If it is objected that a different measure has been dealt out to cases which are to all appearance identical, the Department need only answer that they do not regard them as identical. They are not bound to give their reasons, and, with the usual prudence of a governing department, they will not go beyond their obligations in this respect.

As regards the general policy of refusing grants to new schools there is more to be said. The power of giving such a refusal was inserted in the Act of 1870 to meet a few very extreme cases. This was stated by Mr. FORSTER in the course of the debate. It is conceivable that a

school might be built as a mere exhibition of sectarian or anti-sectarian passion; that, without there being any local need for more schools, one might be provided, not with any hope of its being filled, but merely to show the zeal or the audacity of those who find the money. Under these circumstances it might be well for the Department to have the power of checking such exhibitions, so far as the refusal of an annual grant goes. It is not a power which there is much likelihood of their ever being called on to exercise, but it is as well that they should have it in reserve. Or, again, it is conceivable that a very active and well-intentioned School Board may feel convinced that the existing schools, though they satisfy the bare requirements of the Education Department, fall short of that heroic standard of perfection which the Board has proposed to itself. If the ratepayers were anxious to lay out their money in realizing educational ideals, it might be expedient to put no obstacle in their way; but it is quite possible for a School Board elected for a determined and not short period to develop tendencies in the way of expenditure which were not suspected at the time of the election and are not at all in harmony with the views of their constituents. Here there is a more probable need for the intervention of the Education Department. They have the power of declaring a school unnecessary, and if they think that a School Board is abusing the confidence of the ratepayers, and committing them to a larger burden of taxation than there is any occasion to impose on them, they are justified in using their power. If voluntary schools were still built by the aid of Parliamentary grants, the same reasoning would apply. The taxpayers ought not to be burdened by the cost of new schools when the schools already in existence are sufficient for all the purposes for which schools are designed. But, as regards new voluntary schools, neither the ratepayer nor the taxpayer contributes a farthing to the cost of providing them. The Education Department knows nothing of them till they are built, furnished, and made in all respects adequate to earn an annual grant for each child that attends them. The annual grant, it is true, comes out of money provided by Parliament; but then, where the annual grant is concerned, there is this great safeguard, that for every grant made there is a child educated.

In this Stanhope case all that the Department was asked to do was to contribute towards the education of 182 scholars actually in attendance at the school. These 182 children must be educated somehow. Why should it be any more costly to educate them at the new Wesleyan school to which their parents prefer to send them than to educate them at the Church school, or at the School Board school, to which, apparently, their parents, when they have the chance, prefer not to send them? Cases, indeed, may be imagined in which a voluntary school might be built simply to tempt children away from a School Board school, so that the ratepayers would get nothing in return for their outlay in providing one; and then, no doubt, the discretion of the Department might be usefully appealed to. But, ordinarily speaking, the fact that every payment made by the Education Department is a payment made for specific results, and is not made until the existence of those results has been ascertained, seems to afford all the security that can be required. It may be gathered from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S speech on Tuesday that it is in this spirit that the Education Department propose to construe the new article in the Code.

INTENTIONAL FEELING.

TO hint that any feeling is the result of intention conveys an idea of insincerity deeper than any mere verbal inaccuracy. The ideal state of mind would seem to be one of spontaneous, effortless gravitation towards all that is lovely and lovable, of unprompted cheerfulness, and unconscious fidelity. If all our difficulties came from without, and mental growth were a process as involuntary and spontaneous as physical development, this might be not only the ideal, but the right state of mind for every one. But, as things are, how can absolute spontaneity of feeling be combined with self-control, or with any kind of voluntary moral discipline? This is, indeed, one of the nicest problems in education, and even in religion; it is one upon which more depends than appears at first sight. In its deeper forms it would of course lead us far beyond our present province; but some of the slighter difficulties arising from this source may be worth considering.

One of the most familiar and innocent forms of intentional feeling is that of a resolute cheerfulness—a determination to make the best

of things, and to look on the bright side of whatever happens. This practice affords a very good illustration of the difficulty in question. Moralists preach it as a duty; and scarcely any one would venture to deny the advantage, and even the merit, of its performance. Yet what amount of groaning and lamentation can be so dismal as a visibly intentional cheerfulness? In times of anxiety or sorrow, from whom do we turn away with such a sickening sense of disappointment as from those whose reports are obviously coloured with a deliberately-chosen rose tint? At any rate tell us the truth, and let us know the worst, is the natural cry of real suspense; and of all disguises, that of a forced cheerfulness is the most exasperating and the most depressing. For it not only fails to cheer, it touches a re-acting spring of foreboding and despondency, and plunges us into a lower depth of hopelessness than we could have been forced into by any croaking. Even in cases less directly touching our own feelings, there is a chilling and depressing effect in some people's cheerfulness which would no doubt astonish them if they could be made aware of it. The moment a trace of intention and principle is seen through smiles, they lose their charm as completely as a complexion which is seen to be the result of manipulation. And this not because they are necessarily hollow or insincere. Strange to say, a real feeling of cheerfulness voluntarily assumed is even more depressing than a smile evidently forced. It implies a deeper want of natural enjoyment, and a more continuous contradiction of actual impressions. And yet no one would go so far as to say that we should make no effort to keep up a good heart, or would preach a habit of giving way to despondency.

Perhaps a more serious question is that of the right province of intention in the relations of friendship. Every serious friendship makes so large a demand both upon time and feeling that it is scarcely possible to carry it on through life without a very stiff backbone of will. And surely a firm determination to be true to one's friends is one of the most undeniably virtuous conditions in which the human mind can be found. But which of us would like to think that his friends were exercising this virtue on his behalf? What is more unflattering than a kind intention showing through demonstrations of affection? Most of us even feel rather touchy about any rational foundation, even in our own admirable qualities, for our friend's affection. We want to be loved, not for our merits, but for ourselves—"parceque c'était elle, et parceque c'était moi." And if a reason is an offence, what can be more deadly than an effort? Better desert us at once, and have done with it, than be true of set purpose and against the grain. This is a very natural feeling; but which of us can afford to be so exclusive in the long run? And, indeed, should we not lose the very best and most valued of our friendships if we weeded out all those which hold on at times by sheer force of will? It is hard to say. Perhaps if we were quite honest, and always saw clearly to the bottom of our own minds, which happily we seldom do, there are few of us who would not have to confess that the path of true friendship seldom fails to run more or less uphill if it runs far. At any rate it is notorious that it will do so at times. Of course the stress of outward circumstances may bring this about between the most naturally congenial of friends. But even from within there will be fluctuations, times of ebb as well as of flow, times when strength fails and inclination flags, and when, if we did not summon some resolution to our aid, we should let fall the threads which we know to be best worth keeping, and perhaps chill or wound those whom we would desire most tenderly to guard. Is it reasonable to be hurt because others betray the fact that they are exercising on our behalf that self-control of which we are obliged to make such frequent use in our relations with them? It may not be reasonable; but human nature can hardly avoid it. To be sought by rule, to be cared for on principle—these are hard trials to the humility of the most unexacting. And what a sad moment it is in any relation when we first recognize the necessity of admitting into it an element of intention; when—to take a very simple instance—we write, not because we long to tell, or are impatient to hear, but because our friend has a right to expect it; when we are forced to acknowledge to ourselves that it is a relief, rather than a disappointment, if circumstances prevent our meeting; when we begin to talk of anything rather than the subjects which touch ourselves most nearly; and when a general sense of disinterestedness, verging upon self-sacrifice, begins to creep over our intercourse. At such moments it may fairly be considered an open question whether the relation had better be maintained or frankly abandoned. It will probably not be long maintained unless the sufferer, after counting the cost, deliberately resolves to maintain it for the sheer love of constancy. Perhaps we may say that such a resolution can rarely be wise, unless it is one-sided and can be skilfully concealed. Mutual toleration may be the best hope of unhappy married couples, and far be it from us to make light of the results which may spring from it; but it can seldom be a good foundation for friendship. The cases are probably more frequent than we like to acknowledge in which, if two friends could see their way to a separation by mutual consent and without offence on either side, both would be gainers—perhaps to the extent of a renewal, with increase, of their former feelings after a period of complete repose.

But these speculations are almost treasonable. Let us rather consider what is the legitimate use of the will in preserving and repairing relations which we should not for a moment think of giving up. It is a task of the utmost delicacy. "Well preserved" is hardly a kinder epithet to apply to a friendship than to a lady. But time and change spare none of us, and it is bad policy to shut

our eyes to the necessity of occasional repairs. It is enough if they can be carried on out of our actual observation, and happily they will generally be more effectual in proportion as they are less visible. For the great lesson to be learnt by much study of the profound arts of keeping our friends and regulating our feelings is that the province of the will lies very deep down indeed, not to say a long way back. Its hardest tasks, indeed, ought to be performed for us by our great-grandparents. Our best efforts will hardly bear satisfactory fruit much before the third or fourth generation. But they have to be made, and all we can do is to restrict them as much as possible to those deep subsoil regions where they show least and effect most. In the matter of constancy, for instance, it is both useless and ungracious to tie ourselves up tightly in the slighter and more frequent manifestations of feeling. Mere manner and correspondence and conversation and other such trifles may take what course they will, while one holds on like grim death to the real tie from which they spring. So long as one can stand by a friend in word and deed, giving oneself some trouble to render him real services, and taking his part against all comers, a little more or less surface amiability will not signify much. The pendulum of feeling may be allowed to swing quite freely, while the centre is fixed by force of will. A wide range of feeling is in itself attractive, and it is a great mistake to try to keep any sentiment always at one temperature. Most of us like our friends much the better for occasional abstinence from them. The boa constrictor is certainly not less voracious, and has probably not less enjoyment of his food, than the rodent who never stops nibbling. Faithfulness in the long run is much helped by a certain laxity in detail. Perhaps we may say that no friendship is really safe which cannot afford to allow free play to the caprices of surface feeling.

One of our wisest preachers used to say that if you want to love your neighbour, and it does not come easily, you should do him a kindness. It is only by such indirect means that the will can be brought to bear upon feeling either effectually or without risk of producing hollowness. In the matter of cheerfulness, for instance, indirect means, such as attention to health, and active occupation and amusements, are the only legitimate method of tinting one's spectacles with rose-colour. The most contagious and genuine cheerfulness is the result of a combination of good health, good conscience, habit, and principle, which among them have superseded the necessity for effort of any kind. But when it becomes so settled a character of the mind as this, it must necessarily lose one charm, that of significance as a token of good news. The people who delight us by their unfailing brightness of temper do not greatly impress us by any particular demonstration of hopefulness. Some people's smiles cheer like the sunshine or the song of larks—that is to say, when we can bear them. Others raise our hopes like a rise in the barometer, because we know they would never smile for nothing. We can scarcely have both merits combined in one person.

The danger of intention is that it tends either to produce a uniformity of behaviour which destroys all significance, or to excite opposition. The will is a somewhat unsightly, though important, part of our nature. Its place is like that of the foundation of a house, or the bony skeleton of a vertebrate animal, deep down out of sight. Its force must be directed rather to acts than to feelings, though in practice the two cannot be completely distinguished; and its action will be successful in proportion as it is suicidal—that is, no effort to feel properly will be quite satisfactory till the feeling comes without an effort. Intention is to feeling like a sort of culinary process, which ought to be well over before the guests arrive. In matters of feeling the perfection of art is not to conceal, but to eliminate art. The artist in character must be content to efface himself altogether. His best triumphs do not begin till his very existence is forgotten. For character is something more and better than a work of art. It is a flower which reaches perfection only as the result of a process in which cultivation bears an inconceivably small proportion to forces over which we have no control, and whose crowning grace is a luxuriance of free growth never attained under the gardener's hand. Yet art has its place in the formation of the noblest types, although that place is in the past.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HORSEWHIPPING.

"THE fellow deserves to be horsewhipped" is still a not uncommon utterance of contempt and indignation. It is a remark of little meaning, though the words are strong, and it illustrates rather the wildness than the justice of revenge. Perhaps horsewhipping may be studied better, and its charming want of logic more easily exposed, to-day than it could have been thirty years ago. Horsewhipping, like other symbolic ceremonies, once had a significance. Now it has sunk to the condition of a threat, or at most survives as part of what the newspapers call a *fracas*. One does occasionally hear that a subaltern of militia has horsewhipped an attorney, and it is believed that great regimental rejoicings follow the illustrious feat. Whether the pettifogging one was severely hurt, or not, how he took it, whether he avenged himself in any way, the public is never told. It is enough that So-and-so has been horsewhipped. Discredit rests on him, and he can never clear himself, and, so far, the vengeful spirit of the gallant ensign may rest contented. The critic of institutions is not to be so easily satisfied, and he insists on knowing why horse-

whipping is so final and fatal a thing, an attack to which there seems to be no reprieve.

A minute philosopher would ask Why horsewhip? Is a dog-whip not a more ignominious tool? Is a stick not easier to handle? If one falls upon and beats a wavering wooer or a slanderer with an umbrella, is his honour safe? Can he show himself among men without shame? Till Research is endowed in a truly wise and liberal way no one can afford to push these inquiries. An ingenious Frenchman has written a little book on the part which *coups de bâton* play in the history of literature. They kept Molière out of the Academy because the illustrious Forty could not admit a person who was obliged in the exercise of his profession to take a good many stage beatings. A *bâton*, of whatever sort, is not a horsewhip; so the investigations of the Frenchman take us no further. Enough that the wisdom of our ancestors has ordered it thus. If we are justly aggrieved by a lighter and weaker, or a much older man than ourselves, we must buy a new horsewhip and do our best with it. The essence of the ceremony lies in its mysterious and traditional laws; it is foolish, nay, impious, to try to explain them.

Rules have been laid down for the guidance of the active party in a horsewhipping. They may be found in a great many works of fiction, and especially in Irish novels of the school of Mr. Lever. It is not impossible that horsewhipping is an Irish invention; internal evidence leads one to suspect as much. There is a pleasing inconsequence in it which is full of the Celtic genius. A horsewhipping in a novel is a thing complete in itself. It demolishes the villain, who seems to be rendered incapable of taking any revenge, and it not only demolishes, but exposes, him. It has the effect, as it were, of a sign from heaven. No one doubts about it, or analyses its meaning, or asks wherefore justice is invariably, by the nature of the case, on the side of the whipper, not of the whipped. The novelist always favours the spirited young fellow who uses the lash; his enemy, or victim, is always a craven hound, who never recovers from the public insult. Thus a man can easily study the active rôle in the works, for example, of Mr. Trollope. He first buys his new whip, and then he lurks in the neighbourhood of the villain's club. When the cowering wretch (who has trifled with the feelings of a charming girl) appears, our hero walks up to him, catches him by the collar of the coat, beats him till the whip breaks, and then tosses him into the kennel. There is some satisfaction here; the bad man is severely hurt and disconcerted. In other encounters, described in a more realistic way, there is only a scuffle; but all the honour and glory belong to the hero who began the row. These are the laws of horsewhipping, as accepted by the novelist; but they do not quite explain everything. What, we ask, is the whipped one doing all the time? There are only three possible answers. The horsewhipped man is either much feebler than his honourable antagonist, or he is so overcome by cowardice and conscious guilt that he cannot make his hand keep his head, or, lastly, virtue and victory are necessarily the allies of him who deals the first blow. The Highlanders knew that

Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife,

and the first blow in horsewhipping appears to have the same moral value. All the alternatives offer puzzles. In the first case, there seems to be little valour displayed in hitting a weaker man, and scrupulously abstaining from horsewhipping a stronger. The second hypothesis, that the person assailed is invariably a coward, makes it not improbable that the assailant is generally a bully. Besides, it is impossible in the nature of things that every one whom a young fellow wishes to beat in the market-place is a person who will submit to a beating. By the third alternative the illogical character of the ceremony is exposed. Horsewhipping being a game at which two can play, all the world would go armed with horsewhips if the first blow is everything, and people would watch their neighbours closely, so as to strike the first stroke, if striking there was to be.

These difficulties are the result of the kindness which novelists and society in general feel for the active party in the affair. It is clear that in horsewhipping, as in every other transaction, there must be some line of conduct which the party attacked should adopt. Yet no one, except perhaps Thackeray, has hinted that there are two views of the matter. Thackeray makes Barnes Newcome put a pistol in his pocket when he has reason to suppose that Jack Belsize is lying in wait for him with a whip. Barnes is not a favourite character, and this action of his was certainly un-English. Yet what, one may ask, was the little man to do? Mr. Belsize was much bigger and heavier, and would not only have hurt him very much, but would, according to the ethics of fiction, have entirely ruined such character as he possessed. Was he to go forth like a lamb to be beaten, and socially annihilated? That is the kind of conduct which all the world expects from the being who is stamped as a degraded wretch by the fact that another man (necessarily most noble and high-minded) wants to thrash him. Now let us imagine that a villain is deep enough to understand these sentiments and this amazing rule of ethics. We shall suppose that he has jilted the heroine, or spoken evil of the hero's grandmother. If he is not deserted by the low cunning of his character, he will sally forth, buy a horsewhip, lurk about the hero's club, and carry the war into Africa. It is all very well to make the hero as strong as Adam Bede or Guy Livingstone; and novelists do generally adopt that precaution. Still, if the villain begins the row, if he shakes his

whip and gets in a stroke, then your hero is horsewhipped, and morally and socially ruined for the rest of the three volumes. He may break the villain's neck, but that is nothing; he has been horsewhipped. It will be spoken about at the Clubs, as lady writers say, and the hero may as well emigrate to the New Hebrides and cultivate that interesting field of missionary activity.

The thoughtless and inexperienced may fail to see the force of this reasoning. Suppose, they say, the villain does make the first assault by stealth and surprise, the hero, who is *ex hypothesi* a much bigger man, will punish him and beat him into a mummy. To this there are two answers. First, in real life all villains are not puny, nor all interesting young men giants. Moral depravity does not invariably go with physical slightness. Yet in fiction we must assume this to be the rule, and hold it a fine heroic thing for a man of thirteen stone to assault a victim of nine. But let us assume that the virtuous character is an athlete in training, and that his assailant is an attorney or other abandoned miscreant of feeble habit of body. If once you allow that there is a reprieve to a horsewhipping, that the hero may turn again and rend his antagonist, you strike at the roots of accepted morality. It has been universally agreed, on the authority of generations of novelists, that there is no reprieve to a horsewhipping, that it is final, that the party attacked takes it like a lamb, and never afterwards ventures to lift his head. It is a kind of ordeal by battle, in which the battle is all on one side, and the person punished is convicted by the very fact of the penalty being inflicted.

If this is not admitted, the whole theory of horsewhipping falls to the ground. Thus it appears that one villain, by acting with forethought and determination, may destroy, at one blow, the cherished morality of fiction. This leads us to consider what the conduct of persons threatened with horsewhipping should be—a branch of the inquiry hitherto neglected. Obviously they should always carry horsewhips, and should establish a reputation for honour by vigorously assailing people whose sweethearts they have led astray, or whose sisters they have respectfully but firmly declined to marry. By persevering in this course the most disagreeable characters may become useful to society, and may destroy the ridiculous remains of an antiquated brutality. They must steel their determination by remembering that, if they do not take the initiative, their character is gone for ever. In vain, when once they are attacked, will they "hack," as Rugby boys say, the shins of their heroic assailant; they may inflict agonies, but it will avail them nothing. They are whipped, and therefore they are dishonoured scoundrels; while their enemy is merely kicked, and therefore is a chivalrous gentleman. Society will be made rather disagreeably lively for a short time if every one who is conscious of "not having behaved well," as they say, to a sweet girl goes about armed with a horsewhip. At the same time the idiotic nature of the old prejudice will be exposed, and horsewhipping, as evidence to character, will expire, regretted only by writers of novels and contributors to "society papers."

There was perhaps a time when horsewhipping had a sort of meaning. When all gentlemen wore swords, to attack a man with a whip meant that he did not deserve steel. Even so, nothing was absolutely proved by the assault, and the person whipped may have been in a better position than he is at present. He might try his chance in the duel, which, though quite as irrational as the other ordeal, was not absolutely a contest settled by brute force. Now, when duels are out of fashion, horsewhippings should be punished with extreme severity and in some degrading way. They are the most brutal and ridiculous of all modes of begging the question. The odd thing is that they are still successful, after a fashion. The acquaintances of the man who begins the row believe that he is in the right. The acquaintances of the man assaulted are convinced that he is in the wrong, and he has no appeal and no remedy. It is of course unnecessary to say that no one ever tries to horsewhip another who could, if he chose, "arise and slay him with his hands."

DEAN STANLEY ON THE GOTHIC REVIVAL.

DEAN STANLEY appears to feel the same difficulty which was experienced by a late Dean of Canterbury in "keeping silence from *Good Words*." In the number for last January we had a Westminster Sermon of his on his favourite theme of "Diversity in Unity," intended to prove that the divisions of Christians, instead of being—as the late Bishop Selwyn, following a long line of missionary witnesses, has emphatically testified—one of the chief hindrances to the conversion of the heathen, is in fact a great help towards it. Next month came another Sermon on "Sick Children," and this month we have a third, preached the Sunday after Sir Gilbert Scott's death, and dealing with "the Religious Aspect of Gothic Architecture." It contains, as might be expected, a good deal that is true though not particularly new, but it need hardly be added that it is by no means free from that inveterate passion for paradox which has long been the leading characteristic of the author's copious lucubrations. With the well merited tribute which he pays to the memory of a distinguished architect we are not here concerned. The revival of Gothic architecture, which is closely and notoriously connected with the great religious revival of the present century, is the main subject of his discourse. That style has been generally considered to be, what Mr. Ruskin calls it, the one specifically "Christian" style of architecture. Dr. Stanley is therefore careful to begin by observing that it "was altogether unknown to Pagan or Christian antiquity." He adds that after flourishing for four centuries—no explanation

being suggested of how it arose—it died as completely as if it had never existed, being "repudiated alike by Catholic and Protestant." Of course this is true in a sense, but it is just one of those statements which go far to explain, if not to justify, the seeming paradox that nothing is so delusive as facts. The Gothic style was undoubtedly unknown to the early Christians, for sufficiently obvious reasons; and it was rejected throughout Europe, at the period of the Renaissance, in Catholic and Protestant countries alike, for reasons not less easy of apprehension. But to infer from this the view which the Dean proceeds to elaborate, and which, if we mistake not, contains the gist of the whole discourse, that Gothic architecture does not possess any peculiarly Christian and indeed peculiarly Catholic significance, but has nearer affinities with Protestantism—in his own sense of the word of course—and was therefore first restored "among the Protestant churches of England, rather than in the Catholic churches of the Continent," is to betray as complete a misapprehension of all the deeper bearings of the question as could well be conceived. Let us look a little more closely into the matter.

The early Christians did not build Gothic churches, partly because they did not, and could not, build churches at all. Lord Shaftesbury had probably forgotten this when he said on a memorable occasion that "he had rather worship with Lydia on the banks of the river's side than with hundreds of surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas"; but the Dean of Westminster might have been expected to remember it. And when the age of persecution had passed away and Christians began to erect temples for their worship, they naturally adopted the style they found prevailing around them; in certain cases indeed they adopted the actual buildings, and thus basilicas were turned from courts of justice into Christian churches. The next four centuries were occupied with theological controversy and the gradual construction of the edifice of Catholic dogma, and then followed the dark period of "Europe's middle night" only broken by the great religious reformation of the second half of the eleventh century. In the twelfth century Gothic architecture arose. Christianity, as Mr. Lecky puts it, has created three things which have been recognized as special types and expressions of its religious sentiment, "the church bell, the organ, and the Gothic cathedral." The first is attributed to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, early in the fifth century; the second took its origin in the East, and was imported into Western Christendom about the seventh century; the third, like the revival of painting which soon followed, was due to the reawakening sense of beauty interpreted by the Christian instinct of the twelfth century. It became the channel of the religious enthusiasm and the purest expression of the religious feeling of the age, and gave abundant scope for the display of the "lamp of sacrifice." To cite Mr. Ruskin's eloquent words, "All else for which the builders sacrificed has passed away—all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. . . . But of them, and their life and toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence is left to us in those grey heaps of deep wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration." Mr. Lecky, who approaches the subject from a somewhat different point of view, coincides entirely in Mr. Ruskin's estimate of the specifically Christian character of Gothic architecture. He observes that no other building that the world has seen can rival a Gothic cathedral in producing a sensation of blended awe and tranquillity, harmonizing or assuaging passion, lulling to rest the rebellion of the intellect, and creating that unworldly but most impressive atmosphere befitting a "Church which acts on the imagination by obscurity and terrorism, and by images of solemn and entrancing beauty." He adds very justly that, in proportion as these modes of feeling have prevailed or fallen into disrepute, Gothic architecture has been rapturously admired, or has sunk into disfavour and neglect. It was natural therefore that a form of architecture which was distinctively Christian and in which the highest sense of beauty was subordinated to the religious sentiment, should have arisen at a time when the dense ignorance that had overspread Europe during the ninth and tenth centuries was yielding to a great revival of moral and intellectual energy under the control of the Church. It was equally natural that when "the moral and intellectual chaos that preceded the Reformation" was universal, when painting had been secularized, and had passed entirely into the worship of beauty, the Gothic style should be everywhere superseded by one which some persons may consider more beautiful, but which is universally admitted to be wholly devoid of a religious character. The dominant feeling throughout Europe produced by the Renaissance, which in some countries issued in Protestantism, in others in a kind of diluted and rationalistic Catholicism, was a passionate recoil from mediæval Christianity to classical antiquity, which might be summed up fairly enough in Mr. Swinburne's *Hymn to Proserpine* :—

O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of Saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing look to the end.

It was not an age to appreciate the great works of those who have only "left us their adoration."

It is quite true then that Gothic architecture was repudiated, as Dean Stanley says, "by Catholic and Protestant alike" in the sixteenth century; but they repudiated it in virtue of an influence, by which both alike were at that time dominated, entirely alien to the spirit of historical Christianity. And, as always happens in such cases, the false taste once formed survived and outran the direct operation of the causes which had first produced it. In

the sixteenth century our greatest writers, like Spenser and Shakespeare, have no word of sympathy, appreciation, or regret for Gothic architecture. A curious work was published not many years ago by a French priest, the Abbé Corblet, on the *Architecture of the Middle Ages Judged by the Writers of the Eighteenth Century*, and among those who spoke of it, not only without appreciation, but with mere unqualified contempt appear the names—strangely combined in any common sentiment—of Fénelon, Bossuet, Molière, Fleury, Rollin, Montesquieu, La Bruyère, Helvetius, Rousseau, Mengs, and Voltaire. Some reached the height of grotesque absurdity in their depreciatory assumption. Thus Dupuis thought the zodiacs on cathedrals were a remnant of the worship of Mithra; Montluisant explained the sculptures on the façade of Notre Dame by the science of the philosopher's stone; a third critic traced the shape of the ogive to the eggs of Isis. If we turn to English writers of the same period, Smollett gravely declares, speaking of York Minster, "that the external appearance of an old cathedral will be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion"; while he describes Durham cathedral as "a huge gloomy pile"—somewhat as Archbishop Whately called Milan cathedral "a big idolatrous temple"—and could associate no better idea with a church spire than that of a man impaled. Hutcheson, in an able work on the Philosophy of the Beautiful thought it necessary to enter into an elaborate argument in order to show that the ancient preference of Gothic to classical architecture need not disprove the universality of the sense of beauty, but was an accidental aberration due to historical associations. At such a time it was natural that Cologne, the latest and one of the most splendid of mediæval cathedrals, which Wordsworth invoked "the help of angels to complete," should be left unfinished, while the energies of Europe were concentrated on St. Peter's. The "aspiring heat" had failed. And, to cite Mr. Lecky's testimony once more, it is unquestionably—begging Dean Stanley's pardon—"to the Catholic revival of the present century that we mainly owe its revival."

To say that this revival took place among the Protestant churches of England rather than the Roman Catholic churches of the continent, is only partially true in fact, and wholly misleading is the inference intended to be conveyed. One of the earliest Gothic restorations was of St. Germain des Prés at Paris, about the time of the commencement of the Tractarian movement which so much contributed to the architectural revival in England. And "the splendid if eccentric genius," as Dr. Stanley himself calls him, who took the lead in that revival began as an Anglican High Churchman, and, while to the last he retained strong affinities with Anglicanism, became a Roman Catholic many years before his death. By the Protestant churches of England the Dean means, we presume, those belonging to the Church of England, for he must know that the extension of "ecclesiastical" taste to Nonconformist places of worship is only a very recent afterthought when the turn in the tide had become too strong to be resisted. But it was precisely to the renewed impulse given, not to the Protestant but to the Catholic side of Anglicanism, as Mr. Lecky has quite correctly apprehended, that the architectural revival must be ascribed which has covered the land with some thousands of new Gothic churches and restored the greater number of the English cathedrals to much of their pristine grandeur. It is not very clear what the Dean means by saying that the religious power of our cathedrals has gained "in proportion as our worship has become more solemn, more simple, more reverential, more comprehensive," unless we are to detect in the last term a graceful allusion to the lay preachings lately introduced into Westminster Abbey. Nor does the passage which we suppose he is referring to in Milman's *Latin Christianity*—for the reference he gives is evidently a wrong one—throw much light on the matter. Milman points out—what is obvious at a glance—that the Gothic cathedral was "the consummation and completion of (what he calls) mediæval hierarchical Christianity," and was necessary to the full majesty and impressiveness of the mediæval ritual, with its "remote central ceremonial," its solemn music, its "curling incense," and its long processions. That the religious power of our cathedrals is not discredited by the Anglican ritual is because of the likeness, not the unlikeness, of that ritual to the earlier forms from which it is mainly derived, as any one may easily satisfy himself by observing how it fares with those Scotch and foreign cathedrals—say at Basel, or Geneva, or Glasgow—where Protestant "simplicity" is completely emancipated from that "cloud of superstition which has settled down over a large part of the ecclesiastical world."

We have certainly as little desire as the Dean to see "trivial and mean decorations" introduced into our cathedrals. But we must venture to differ from him in thinking that they derive their highest value from the circumstance, to which they undoubtedly owe their splendid restoration, that they have again come to be regarded, as by their original builders, not only or even chiefly as "magnificent architectural monuments," but as fitting and worthy temples for Christian worship.

TRAINING.

TWELVE years ago Mr. Maclaren, the well-known teacher of gymnastics at Oxford, wrote a very sensible book on Training, in which he gave an amusing account of the wonderful dogmas which the authorities on this subject had enunciated as to the proper means of obtaining the condition of body best suited for severe

physical work. Mr. Maclaren himself was not altogether free from superstition on one or two points, and he wrote with some rashness on matters which could only be fitly treated by a man possessed of considerable physiological knowledge; but in the main he certainly did good service by bringing light to bear on the curious fallacies which were current with regard to training, and were but too often accepted with entire faith by unsuspecting youth. It is true that the acceptance was not universal at the time when Mr. Maclaren wrote, and that he was not the only person who appreciated at its true value the nonsense talked by trainers as to diet and other matters; but it was he who took the most trouble and worked in the most methodical manner to point out the absurdities which were commonly believed in; and probably such reform as appears to have taken place is in great part due to his book. Strange, assuredly, were some of the errors which he exposed; and it is difficult to understand how, in our time, credence can have been given to them by any but totally uneducated men. Thus, according to the *dicta* believed in by athletes, it was a good thing for men to eat as much beef and mutton as they possibly could, and then to "go on the water to work it into them"—i.e. the beef and mutton, not the water. It would be difficult, perhaps, to invent a more senseless rule; but it did not stand alone. There were others quite as well calculated to do harm. For instance, one authority on training quoted by Mr. Maclaren laid down the principle that fluids should be avoided altogether, his statement being as follows:—"The man who can be satisfied with rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat with water will train better than he who drinks any kind of fluid, even in limited quantities." Fortunately, this rule could hardly be obeyed, as protracted thirst is a torture which even an enthusiastic youth would not voluntarily undergo. If, however, any fanatics were found who endeavoured to obey this precept as far as they could, they were probably rewarded for their pains by finding themselves, after a good deal of suffering, utterly unfitted for work. It should be added that the same writer who thus forbade all drink whatever restricted the vegetables which a man in training ought to take to "a good potato now and then, for a change." If this ingenious person ever trained anybody on his own system, he probably ran considerable risk of a trial for manslaughter. Other precepts which apparently were followed were well nigh as foolish as the remarkable directions which we have quoted. It was gravely stated that mutton was "better than beef for wind, and roast better than broiled." This roast mutton was to be eaten without salt—that is to say, the athlete was to qualify himself for his work by giving up a thing absolutely necessary for the system. Toast and bread, it was laid down, must be eaten without butter; and an egg was only allowed on the condition that the white was to be left untouched. Some of the professional trainers who had pedestrians and boxers under their care held that sherry ought to be allowed to the man who was to walk, and port to the man who was to fight.

Such were some of the preposterous regulations current with regard to diet at the time, or a little before the time, when Mr. Maclaren wrote. It must not of course be supposed that all men who were given to sports requiring training believed in nonsensical directions such as those which we have quoted, or that there were not people who advocated a fairly sensible system. The fact, however, that these ridiculous regulations were gravely made by those who were regarded as authorities on the subject shows that they had not even an elementary knowledge of the effects of various kinds of diet. That this ignorance was general was indeed painfully evident from the rules usually followed even when they contained no marked absurdity. Mr. Maclaren gives eight systems of training which were more or less in vogue at the time when he wrote. In six of these only two kinds of flesh food, beef and mutton, were allowed, and these were always to be underdone; fish of all kinds was forbidden, heaven knows why; the sorts of pudding allowed were very strictly limited; butter with bread or toast was not permitted, and, most marvellous of all, cold water was, it would seem, altogether prohibited—about as sensible a proceeding as it would be to tell a man not to breathe fresh air if he could avoid doing so. A moderate quantity of beer and, in four of the systems of training mentioned, a little wine, were allowed, and here the trainers certainly showed sense, as they gave alcohol in amounts which might be necessary, and could not possibly do harm; but it is not a little amusing to find that in only one out of the eight systems described by Mr. Maclaren is there any mention of claret, the wine of all others usually best suited for men who wish to attain a high state of health. Apart from the quantity of alcohol given, the plan of diet was nearly as bad as it could be, and it is no trifling proof of the extraordinary vigour of young Englishmen that College and University crews were able year after year to develop in a high degree the power of sustaining severe and continuous effort, in spite of restrictions with regard to food very well calculated to produce indigestion and ill health.

Mr. Maclaren's book and the efforts of others who were able to bring some knowledge and intelligence to bear on the subject have apparently done much to modify the rules as to diet which have been spoken of; and men in training no longer struggle as hard as formerly to counteract the effects of exercise and temperance by eating half-raw meat which they loathe, and by rigidly foregoing some of the best and most digestible kinds of food. Yet there is even now a good deal of superstition on the subject, and the regulations observed still bear traces of the injurious asceticism which was thought absolutely necessary in former days,

It cannot therefore be too strongly stated that these ridiculous old rules as to diet were based on crude assumptions which seem to be altogether contradicted by modern physiological knowledge.

Most educated men are now aware that food may, broadly speaking, be divided into two classes—namely, that which forms flesh or muscle, and that which sustains the process of combustion which ceaselessly goes on. It is from the latter that fat is principally formed. What is the effect of violent exercise in increasing the necessity for either one of these kinds of food can perhaps hardly be said at present to be absolutely determined; but nevertheless conclusions have been arrived at which seem likely to be little changed. Some experiments made, several years ago, by two Swiss physiologists in an ascent of the Faulhorn, showed apparently that by severe physical labour the amount of heat-giving substance burnt up, so to speak, in the body was greatly increased; but that the consumption of muscular tissue which is made from the flesh-forming food was only very slightly augmented. The clear inference was, that for a man undertaking hard work a very slightly increased supply of the latter food and a largely increased supply of the former would be advisable. It should be said that some doubt has been expressed with regard to the conclusions drawn from these experiments, and that the question cannot be considered as finally decided; but the best-founded opinion appears to be that, when men have to make great demands on their bodily strength, a large proportion of heat-giving food is necessary. "There are several reasons for believing," says Dr. Thomas King Chambers, in his well-known works, "that in assigning their physiological functions to the different kinds of food, we should ascribe nearly all the business of giving birth to force to the solid hydro-carbons starch and fat, by their conversion into carbonic acid," and he refers to the observations of Dr. Parkes and Dr. Frankland, who gave great attention to this subject. Heat-giving foods, then, in considerable quantities are most valuable to athletes.

The trainer, however, had come to a definite conclusion on the subject long before the doctors and chemists made their careful and minute investigations. He had his own theory, neat and compact, and to this he adhered with great tenacity. The lean of meat makes muscle, and therefore a man ought to eat a great deal of meat, limiting himself rigidly to beef and mutton. Bread he might have, for the trainer did recognize that a man could not live on meat alone; and, for the sake of variety, a sparing allowance of certain kinds of vegetables and light puddings were usually permitted; but these were regarded with suspicion as tending to produce fat, and all other kinds of fat-producing food were as far as possible forbidden. Such were the rules which showed the simple and definite opinion held by the authorities on training as to the food necessary for men who were preparing for a foot-race or a boat-race. The most striking part of the theory was perhaps the notion that such wonderful care was necessary to prevent the victim from becoming fat; for apparently it was thought that a young fellow of one or two-and-twenty was likely to develop the proportions of an alderman unless dieted. It need hardly be said that, as a matter of fact, men at this age are rarely too fat, and that they are not in the least likely to increase their adipose tissue when doing hard physical work. The plan of the trainers had, however, a graver fault than this unnecessary precaution. They utterly failed to take into account the necessity recognized by all physicians for considerable variety in diet, or to pay any attention to the fact that monotonous food for which a man feels no relish, which after a time he perhaps absolutely dislikes, will be imperfectly assimilated, and that of course the result must be injurious. It has been already shown that the researches of modern physiologists go far to prove that this monotony was not in the least necessary, and that the training system, so far as diet was concerned, was altogether wrong in principle.

But it may be said that the system, at all events, had excellent results; that men who had gone through the old-fashioned course attained a high degree of health and strength, and were able to do all that could be required of them. The method followed, it may be thought, whether theoretically right or wrong, seems to have been highly successful in practice. The answer is that the men were vigorous in spite of the diet, and not in consequence of it. They owed their "high condition" to the vigour of youth, aided greatly by constant exercise in the open air, by regular hours, and by severe temperance; for it was the one good feature of the old system of diet that only a small quantity of alcohol was allowed. The restrictions with regard to food must have done more harm than good, and probably were often the cause of men breaking down in training. Many of these absurd prohibitions have now been swept away, and the latest writer on boat-racing and training gives a list of permissible articles of food which in former days would have made a trainer's hair stand on end. Nevertheless a good deal of superstition still exists, and the fantastic regulations of the old system, though not so strictly followed as formerly, are not entirely obsolete. It is to be hoped, however, that before long they will be utterly disregarded. A vigorous young man leading a thoroughly healthy life may eat any kind of simple and wholesome food for which he feels an appetite, without the slightest fear that his "condition" will be in the least impaired. Of course he ought to avoid very rich and elaborately prepared dishes, and also all stimulants to the palate; but this is merely saying that he must obey the dictates of common sense. The freedom which Alpine climbers allow themselves, without being in any way the worse for it, shows how

little cause there is for any restrictions except those for which the necessity is obvious. These energetic men are, as a rule, considerably older than those who train for various sports in England, and are therefore much more likely to feel the injurious effects of following a wrong course with regard to diet. As any one who visits Switzerland can see, they subject themselves to no rules, but eat any kind of wholesome food for which they feel inclined. The work they are able to do certainly seems to show that this agreeable plan is the right one. Those who are given to athletic pursuits at home cannot do better than follow an example at once so sensible and so pleasant.

GERMAN PERIODICALS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN the course of last year two periodicals, the one entitled *Anglia*, the other *Englische Studien*, both wholly devoted to English philology and literature, appeared in Germany. These are not the first instances of the special treatment of English subjects by a German review. Besides the *Germania* and the now rare and valuable *Jahrbuch für deutsche Alterthümer*, in both of which studies in our language and literature were not infrequently half of the *Jahrbuch für englische und romantische Sprachen* was entirely given to those subjects; and it is perhaps in the decrease of this latter review, in the year 1875, that we have the proximate cause for the establishment of *Anglia* and *Englische Studien* in 1877. The editor of the latter periodical, at all events, distinctly mentions this cause in the prospectus to the first part of his review. In any case the growing numbers and importance of German workers on English subjects made the establishment of a special review, in that land of special reviews, inevitable. Of these workers there are, of course, some who are well and honourably known to English students. Grein, Mätzner, and Delius have already a secure and well-deserved reputation here, as in Germany; and Ten Brink seems on the way to take a place by their side. But there are a number of German workers who have as yet written little or nothing; there are others, like Liebrecht, whose work, though genuine and useful, has as yet hardly made them known in England; and it is in introducing us to this band of zealous students that the chief interest in the *Englische Studien* or *Anglia* consists.

The contents of both periodicals (of each of which three numbers have so far appeared) are varied, ranging from Beowulf to Byron; and philology is interspersed with purely literary criticism. Both are ready to print MSS. of rare Early English poems, and are perhaps sometimes unnecessarily profuse in this respect. Various readings and emendations receive their due share of space, and a section is devoted to reviews of current books on English literature or philology. The more important articles are studies on some one English writer, such as that of Regel on Layamon in *Anglia*, or of Koch on Chaucer in *Englische Studien*. Questions of authorship are dealt with exhaustively, and at such enormous length as to give a remarkable idea of the patience of a German reader. Lastly, there are the specially philological articles, which we recommend to the criticism of the Early English Text Society, but of which, with one exception, we do not intend to speak.

The editor of *Anglia*, R. P. Wülcker, is not otherwise known, except as the author of an exercise book for Early English. He apparently, however, enjoyed the friendship of Grein, of whose life he gives a sketch, and whose papers were entrusted to his care by Grein himself before his death last June. A paper by Grein, in fact (the last he ever wrote), heads the first number of *Anglia*. The subject—"Is the word Anglo-Saxon really incorrect?"—has been often enough discussed in these columns to make a new discussion superfluous. The real fact seems to be that Grein had adopted the old nomenclature as a matter of course years ago, before the question of its fitness had been started, and naturally was averse to change. We may leave the subject with the remark that the literature itself, whatever we may call it, is more interesting than the dispute about the name that is to be given it. The great bulk of the essays in *Anglia* deal with the later period which everybody, "the vulgar as well as the refined," in Aristotelian phrase, calls English. But there is one essay professedly dealing with the earlier period—namely, that by Wülcker on Cynewulf. He begins by remarking that it is the present fashion to ascribe more and more to Cynewulf, and less and less to Caedmon. One of the objects of the essay is to examine the validity of Cynewulf's claim to some of the works that have been assigned to him, and particularly to criticize the views put forward by Dietrich as to the birthplace and biography of the poet. An ironical sketch of Cynewulf's life as it stands if we accept Dietrich's conclusions, is given, and the reader is not perhaps best pleased when he discovers that the interesting and picturesque description of the life of the Northumbrian youth is meant for nothing more than an elaborate joke, in order to show that, if it is so romantic, it cannot be true. Wülcker maintains that it is impossible to prove that Cynewulf was a Northumbrian, that he was probably a West-Saxon, acquainted with Aldhelm, and wrote in the West-Saxon dialect in the course of the eighth century. There are no other papers of importance on subjects of this early date, but an interesting article by Regel on Layamon is decidedly worth reading. The upshot of the essay is to prove the originality of Layamon's poem, and its comparative independence of Wace and Gottfried. This is mainly a matter of quotation; but the quotations are chosen with taste and judgment, and a clear and interesting result is got out of them. The main additions of

Layamon's own lie in the local colour which he gives his materials. Little pictures of that cold Northern world which he knew are perpetually introduced, and give his poem a native force and picturesqueness which were all his own. The thick-falling snow and the driving hail often occur; but it is, above all, in his elaborate pictures of animals that we feel that it is a man of the North who is writing for us. Here are the wild boar, the "rimie" wolf, the badger, the fox—once the terror of the weaker creatures, now himself hunted by the hounds. But, above all, the picture fastens itself upon the memory of the heron by the riverside, hunted by the hawks in the air and by the dogs on the ground, so that there is no escape. The writer of the article proves that in some interesting respects Layamon's poem has a value for literature as well as for philology; but the fact that he does not bring forward similar proofs of originality in narrative or delineation of character may be held to prove that they do not exist.

Following this in order of date are a series of articles on lesser poets or poems—Zupitza, for instance, on the *Poema Morale*, Horstmann on *Celestin* and *Susanna*, and Trautmann on the poet known as Huchown. Zupitza—known in Germany as the author of a "lesebuch" for Old-English—has performed a useful piece of work for scholars by printing the Digby MS. of the poem and collating the other manuscripts; but his article raises no points of literary interest. In opposition to Morris, who ascribes the poem to the tenth or early eleventh century, Zupitza, on linguistic grounds, will not allow it to be earlier than the latter part of the twelfth century. Horstmann's essay is similar in character. This writer—known as the author of a work on "Old English Legends," and as a careful and thorough scholar—concludes, on grounds of language and rhythm, that the poem of *Celestin* is by the same hand as the *Gregorius*, written in the East Midland dialect. Trautmann, who has written on the *Chanson de Roland*, and has also published a work on some English alliterative poems, writes a lengthy essay to prove that Huchown was a Scot, that he is identical with Hugh of Eglintoun, and that he was the author of the two poems *Morte Arthure* and *Susanna*. An essay by Rosenthal on the alliterative poems of the fourteenth century concludes the list of the articles devoted to the pre-Chaucerian period. From a very minute examination of the poems in question he obtains the result that the increasing deviations which they exhibit from the strict rules of alliterative poetry prove that that kind of poetry was no longer adapted to the genius of the age. This is especially true of the poets of the latter half of the century. Perhaps the appearance of Chaucer and Gower, writing in new and popular forms of verse, would have enabled us to arrive at this conclusion *a priori*; but Rosenthal's careful work is nevertheless not without its value. It seems, however, a slight *reductio ad absurdum* of that wonderful German thoroughness which is so conspicuous in reviews of this character, to compile ten full pages of references to Piers Plowman in order to show how careful Langland was to improve all irregular lines in his later versions. When we come to Chaucer we do not find *Anglia* so full as might have been expected. The only essay on the poet is one by Köhler on the *Miller's Tale*. This begins with an exquisitely ludicrous summary in long-winded German prose of that not very decent poem. There the story is given as it appeared in Schumann's *Nacht-büchlein*, a book that made its appearance in 1559. Reference is also made to the fifteenth-century novels of Masuccio of Salerno, where part of the story is told. Tyrwhitt avows his failure to find the sources whence Chaucer drew the story, and we imagine that Köhler's reference to the German story, at all events, is new. Now Schumann can hardly have had direct access to Chaucer; and, in Köhler's opinion, the probability is that the source of all three stories is yet to be discovered. There is no work on the literature of the fifteenth century, which is a pity, as there is still a good deal to be done in that field, while the labours of English students have not left nearly so much to be gleaned in earlier periods. Chronologically, the next essay is one by Düntzer on Marlowe's *Faust*. This is even more execrably written in point of style than the rest of the articles in the review, though few of them can be said to excel in this respect. The results obtained are that Marlowe did not borrow directly from the German story of *Faust*, as another German critic has maintained; and that Marlowe's drama, as we have it, is much interpolated, especially by references to current events. Among these interpolations the writer puts the famous passage in which the line on "fair Wittenberg" occurs. In this part of the essay the proofs given are hardly sufficient. It only remains to notice an essay by Weiser on the influence of Pope on Byron's youthful poems. There is a good analysis in this article of the Popian rules of versification, which, it is shown by quotation, were also Byron's, and were the cause of the success of his Satires, such as it was. But some of the comparisons in detail made between Pope and Byron are really childish; and, as a whole, the essay will strike the English reader as hardly worth writing, unless we are to suppose that German "gelehrte" have started these periodicals in order to instruct one another in the elements of English literature.

Eugen Kolbing, the editor of *Englische Studien*, and a "docent" at the University of Breslau, has written previously on Scandinavian literature, and has also published a *Scientific Grammar of the English Language* and a volume of essays on English subjects. The editor of the rival periodical is fairer than usual in his criticisms when he objects to so much of the first part of *Englische*

Studien being written by the editor alone. The result is a tiresome monotony, which is all the more obvious as Kolbing's best work is not in this, but in the second part, where he has an ample number of coadjutors. The most interesting paper in the first part is one on Folk-Lore, by the veteran Liebrecht, author of an excellent translation, with much new matter, of Dunlop's *History of Fiction*. Here the story of Lady Godiva, among others, is traced out; and the Scotch superstition of not using the words "Kirk" or "minister" at sea is shown to have originated in the hatred supposed to be felt by the sea-gods to Christianity, and in the consequent dread felt by the sailors of offending them. The whole article is chatty and interesting, and obviously written by a "full man." In the second part, the article by A. Buff on "a tract commonly ascribed to Raleigh," is rendered easily accessible to the English reader by being written in English. But it is doubtful whether the writer is wise in thus trammelling himself; for his knowledge of English, though good, is not, like Professor Max Müller's, consummate, and the article has a laboured and artificial air. As a chain of reasoning, however, it is exceedingly strong and convincing, and the writer may be said to succeed in establishing that the tract entitled "Some observations touching trade and commerce with the Hollander and other nations," though printed in the Oxford edition of Raleigh's works, was neither written by Raleigh nor in substance suggested by him, but by a certain J. Keymour, in the year 1613.

But the most important papers in this number are those devoted to Chaucer. The editor has a paper on Chaucer's *Life of Seynt Cecily*, in which he proves that Chaucer got the story not, as has been sometimes supposed, from the *Legenda Aurea*, but from the Latin version of the story by Simeon Metaphrastes. He agrees with Ten Brink in taking the poem to be the first work of Chaucer's second period; and he prints one of the early pre-Chaucerian poems on the subject. He also proves that, in his *Golden Legend*, Caxton has greatly borrowed from this poem of Chaucer's; and concludes with urging the necessity, in view of such inquiries as this into sources, for a critical edition of the *Acta Sanctorum*. The essay, though unnecessarily long, is not without points of interest; but it is eclipsed by the full and important contribution to Chaucer criticism furnished by J. Koch. It has long been supposed that Chaucer wrote an earlier *Knight's Tale* in seven-line stanzas, which has not come down to us, but which is alluded to in the *Legende of Goode Women* as the *Loce of Palamon and Arcite*. Even Tyrwhitt countenanced this supposition, and Ten Brink considers that the beginning of *Queen Annelida and False Arcite*, and the passage in *Troilus* describing the death of Arcite, are parts of this early poem, which was in substance a close translation from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio. Koch works out this point at length, and considers that to the passages pointed out by Ten Brink we should add the description of Venus's Temple in the *Assembly of Fowles*, and also the description of Mars's Temple in the *Knight's Tale*. In this latter case Koch fairly makes something of the singular use of the first person—"The slayer of his blood yet saugh I there"—which is hardly consistent with the general tenor of this passage, and which favours the supposition that we have here a fragment of the original poem, worked in without being fully adapted to its new place. But he also supports his theory by some very unsound textual criticism, one specimen of which, in particular, may be said to destroy alike the sense and the poetry of the original. Still, on the whole, it must be allowed that considerable probability is attained for the three conclusions with which the writer sums up this part of his inquiry—first, that the description of Venus's Temple in the *Assembly of Fowles* is an unmodified fragment of the original *Palamon and Arcite*; secondly, that the strophes in *Troilus and Cressida* describing the death of Troilus are also taken from the same poem; thirdly, that those passages in the *Knight's Tale* which copy the *Teseide* of Boccaccio more closely than usual are in all probability not derived directly from that poem, but from the same early work of Chaucer's. The second part of the essay, taking the above results for granted, seeks to prove that Chaucer was discontented with the poem, and that this is the reason why we do not possess it. Its date is assigned to the period between the *Seynt Cecily* and the *Troilus*. Much ingenuity is shown in the process of arriving at these conclusions; but there is naturally a large element of conjecture. More satisfactory, perhaps, is the answer supplied to the riddle of the personages of the *Assembly of Fowles*, thus stated by Mr. Furnivall:—"Heroine and hero of the Parliament of Fowles are still to seek." From internal grounds the writer wishes to put the poem after *Troilus*, and after the original *Palamon and Arcite*, in the year 1381; and he points out that it was in this year that Richard II. was betrothed to Anne of Bohemia. We commend these conclusions, and the essay generally, to the consideration of the Chaucer Society. If *Anglia* was weak as regards Chaucer, *Englische Studien* is weak as regards the Elizabethans; and we find no article of importance in this second part till we get to Robert's essay on Fielding. The writer is known as the author of a history of German fiction; but he can hardly be said to have the lightness of touch requisite for the treatment of his subject. We are told much about the "critical method" and "modern Wissenschaft," but the positive results of the thirty elaborate pages on Fielding are, it must be confessed, slight. English readers will not agree with the writer's excessive depreciation of Richardson, and they will not see anything new in the statements that Fielding hated hypocrisy and insisted upon philanthropy. On the other hand, the statement of the relation

of Fielding to Cervantes is careful and worth reading. But all that the writer really has to say might have been stated in half-a-dozen pages; and an elaborate apparatus *criticus*, leading to nothing in particular, is above all things out of place on such a subject. In the third part of the review, besides an essay by Varnhagen on the *Ayenbite of Inwyt*—which should be interesting to Mr. Morris, as it is in the main a hostile criticism of his edition—there is an interesting paper by Mosen on Otway, and the beginning of an article by Bobertag on Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, which threatens to be still more fearfully long-winded even than that on Fielding.

Perhaps the first thought that crosses the English reader's mind as he lays down these reviews is, What is there in England to correspond to this? Obviously there is nothing exactly similar. The men of science and the philologists have their special organs; but in literature we have nothing that can at all be held to do the same work except the Early English Text Society and the Chaucer Society. These, by allowing some margin and latitude to their writers, do manage to cover more or less of the same ground, but they do not touch the later periods, and (as, after all, hardly be used quite like a review to receive any stray fragment of learned criticism or emendation. On the other hand, a review which professes to cover the whole ground runs a risk of inserting articles with no very defined purpose: and it is evident that, if certain articles in both these reviews had been suffered to remain in oblivion, the scientific study of our literature would not have greatly suffered thereby. It should be added that an inexcusable sin in such reviews as these is to print over again matter accessible elsewhere; or to do over again, without new materials or new ideas, old work. This offence is committed more than once, the chief offender being *Englische Studien*. The temper shown by the writers is, as a rule, if we remember the strange things which German writers sometimes say of one another, excellent; even a Frenchman, M. Botkine, who has written an edition of Beowulf, is praised. But the editor of *Englische Studien* seems justified in complaining of the rival editor's criticisms, and the latter shows himself guilty of a carping and jealous depreciation of some of his fellow-students, English and German, which makes much of his work disagreeable to read, and destroys its authority. As to the general impression produced by these reviews, perhaps they will at first have a rather depressing effect upon most readers; there is so much endless work on dry detail, and comparatively so little fruitful generalization. One cannot help remembering De Tocqueville's warning to himself when preparing to write his *L'ancien Régime*:—"Il s'agit de savoir si l'on y a maintenant quelque chose à tirer de ces matériaux, qui ne sont qu'un fumier inutile si par leur moyen on ne fait pas pousser quelque plante nouvelle." But some day, no doubt, the genius will come who will bring life and order with him, and then the humbler workers will be found each to have done his part and contributed his stone to the perfect building. It is in this belief, if for no other reason, that we welcome the appearance of *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

IV.

A GREAT national picnic is not the worst kind of housewarming. The guests bring their own spoons and forks, pay for their victuals, and tip the servants. This is one advantage of giving, rather than being invited to, an "at home" of the Exhibition kind. It is true that an enormous amount of money has been spent by the Republic this year, but, "nothing venture, nothing have"; our neighbours have ventured much, and it is but reasonable to wish them to get something in return. When a nation departmented, docketed, pigeon-holed like the French, calls for specimens of the national industry—representative collections of its agricultural, mining, building, teaching, or other systems—of course statistics are at hand, scientific in arrangement and abundant in quantity. Whether or not such national drilling makes the most of the individual man, and secures for the nation the greatest attainable happiness of the greatest number, it shows right well in an Exhibition. We are on the parade-ground, and this year not a button of the national court suit is out of place. The entire show may be said to represent every conceivable ideal connected with modern French life, civil, municipal, social, domestic, and personal. The appliances of eating, drinking, and dressing, the house, stable, and garden, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—all are shown in their results and productions. As to the arrangement of this complicated mass of visible things, it seems to be based on the principle that man, the king of the universe, is the centre of the show. The productions of art, his most refined enjoyments, are in the middle; books, maps, plans, models, scientific instruments, all that educates him, come next; then follow jewels and ornaments, clothes, furniture, carriages, and so forth, as the circle enlarges; till we come to the heavy machinery, agricultural and forest tools—in short, the means by which he is to wage his warfare with brute nature. Some such philosophy, we suppose, rules the arrangements of the Exhibition, and all nations have had to conform to them. The foreign side carries them out indifferently, for foreign exhibitors occupy their space according as it is convenient or even possible for them to send wares that are movable and worth showing. France, however, is at home, has the command of material, is able to regulate the proportion in which one class of things shall be seen with relation to others,

and to turn out, as she has done, a scientific and effective display. We shall not have to notice anything very astounding or new, but the clever use of drilled forces and united action has never, we venture to think, been shown to greater advantage.

Entering modestly the outer lines and defences of this vast web of human interest, and as travellers coming from one of the hotels of Paris, we cross the bridge of the Alma. A broad shed, double in some parts, is the outwork first encountered on the Quai d'Orsay. It contains agricultural instruments for steam, horse, and hand power, but the best specimens of such things we have seen already in the English and American outquartars. Besides ploughing, reaping, thrashing, mowing, and other engines, here are actual roots of potatoes, beets, turnips, and so on, in many varieties; specimens of cereals, hives, stables and stall fittings, dairy and poultry arrangements, and the like. Down to the right, close to the edge of the river, a long sea-water aquarium, with tanks for illustrating pisciculture and other watery science, is laid out *in extenso*. A fresh-water aquarium is arranged in the Trocadéro Gardens. A vast shed, also close down to the water, contains boats and boat-gear. A lifeboat, with wheeled carriage and launching bed complete, on our own admirable model, stands conspicuous here. A placard names a worthy couple who have presented it to a special station; and a few touching words explain that it is a memorial of some one dear to them. We believe that, if the Seine had been big enough and its bridges high enough, we should have found the Republican fleet in this direction. Models complete with masts and rigging, the most fascinating of toys, supply their place, and give perhaps as much information regarding that force as it is thought desirable to impart. Our readers can see as good, perhaps a better, display of this description at South Kensington. Other nations also show boats down in this region; our own steamship Companies, to wit, and several private builders. Besides actual boats and models, here are to be seen propellers, portions of engines, lifting and launching gear, diving and life-saving dresses, and apparatus of many kinds. The nations will be tolerably well grouped together in this class, which will perhaps be as instructive and as interesting to practical men of maritime countries as any part of the collection.

Ascending some twenty feet of wooden staircase, we reach level ground. In odd corners, along alleys and borders of the garden are to be seen flowers, rhododendrons, fruit-trees trained on espaliers in many quaint ways; hothouses, green-houses, orchard-houses, and forcing-beds of various kinds. In showy little temples of many shapes are stored rough materials—e.g. the produce of the national quarries and marble beds; coal and mineral ores; all the materials and machinery for making gas, and materials used for fuel and lighting of other kinds. A large building contains specimens of the great iron manufactures at Creusot; the most observable being a huge Nasmyth hammer, the legs stretching thirty-six feet, such as have long been used in the arsenal at Woolwich. If we keep still outside the great Palace, we find half a mile or so of outer annexe containing machinery not in action, and quite at the end of the ground one of M. Duval's cheap restaurants, deftly served by clean waitresses, and frequented from morning till dinner by hungry and excited crowds. The owner has done wisely to meet his customers halfway. Here is an annexe for the "degustation" of the matchless wines of France; and another to hold the corrective mineral waters; with similar provision for the perishable good things of the Colonies. All along the outer edge of this long side of the actual building is a gallery fitted with food preparations of every description, similar to that over the way on the foreign side. Here, however, we find, not perpetual repetitions of the same things, but a vast orderly collection; tuns, that would hold thousands of dozens of wine, prettily cut and ornamented; specimen bottles, jars, demijohns, vessels of every size and shape. Complete courts are filled with cases containing sugar-plums, preserved fruit from Draguignan, angelica, chocolate, dainties to make human mouths water to look at, in every stage of preparation. Then follows a gallery of tools, utensils, smaller machinery, carriages, and harness, with one or two drags and folding carriages, but nothing of special note in the way of carriages, or better than can be seen in the corresponding British gallery; in fact, the luxury in these things is less than it used to be in the days of the Empire. Between these galleries and the long space allotted to fabrics, furniture, and things of personal and household requirement, lies a wide gallery containing the French steam machinery in action. The various engines resemble those which have been noticed on the foreign side, only they are in greater numbers. This profusion is satisfactory, as it helps to show the mechanism required for every operation of steam manufacture in France, for the production of fabrics of all sorts, for woodwork, tools and utensils. All large factories, whatever they produce, employ steam in one or other of their operations; and the subject may be studied completely by the aid of the French, British, American, Belgian, and other sections. Lenses and lanterns for lighthouses are set out in this gallery. A number of engines are in action all day, and the whirling of colossal wheels, the movement of pistons and cranks, will bewilder the general visitor. In an outer annexe will be found a new ambulance train, fitted to perfection, belonging to the Society for helping the wounded. It contains spring beds, surgery, apothecaries' stores, kitchen, larder, and so forth. Along the south end next the Military School runs a wide vestibule, answering to that facing the river, and there various handicrafts

are carried on; the most curious, perhaps, being the cutting of diamonds and precious stones, on small horizontal and perpendicular grinders moving with such rapidity that only very careful examination will remove the impression that they are absolutely stationary.

Returning from these outworks of human industry to the grand river front, we may take the left half of the corridor, the right half of which is filled by the Indian exhibition. In this portion a lofty astronomical clock shows the time, the movements of the earth, and the changes of the seasons. An octagon glass case contains the Crown jewels, to be shown, we may suppose, as curiosities of the past. Beyond this a long screen, divided into bays and provided with curtains, contains specimens of the Gobelin's tapestry, and others, less masterly in treatment, from Beauvais. The manufacture of these beautiful productions, the finest that are made, carried out at the expense of the State, has been kept going continuously from the days of Colbert, who started the factories in order to raise the manufactures of France to the utmost perfection attainable. The tapestries are made from the designs of the best artists of each age, or copied from the old masters. Draughtsmen and workmen pass through, and are turned out from, these factories with a training as complete as it is possible to give—a great advantage to employers of skilled labour, and indirectly a source of increase to the national wealth. A glance at these tapestries, which are but few in number, will show any visitor what long training and accurate knowledge must be required for their production. At each end of this screen are set out masterpieces of the porcelain factories of Sèvres, also State establishments; vases of *bleu-du-roi*, with enamelling of figures *pâte sur pâte*. By this term we are to understand a process of modelling in very delicate relief by putting layer over layer of white enamelling on the dark ground. Here also are Celadon grey vases, imitations of Oriental ware, and many other beautiful kinds of porcelain. These are the master productions of this kind of art, and of course are not surpassed in their several ways either by private firms or by any of the foreign contributions.

Passing down the inner longitudinal gallery of the French side, we come to the collection of the Ministry of Instruction. All the manuals and machinery of French school-teaching—superior, secondary, and primary—are here set out in order; and, as the division of the matter implies, from the highest and most complete down to the most elementary. There is nothing in the foreign sections comparable in completeness to this orderly display, though a few good maps, plans, and models are contributed by several of them. We pass on to printing and binding, paper and materials for book-making, &c. Something like a large college library fills one of these courts; we have maps, plans, scientific instruments; surgery, and the instruments required for surgical practice, dentistry, mechanical arms and legs, with anatomical models. There is much in these that pleasure-seekers will be wise to avoid. Painting and drawing materials; examples of the application of the arts of design to modelling; materials and methods used in photography, follow these terrible appliances. Musical instruments fill a large and important portion of this gallery. A court filled with children's toys contains complicated and attractive playthings. As for the glass cases full of dolls, dolls' houses, and dolls' parties, the dressing and get-up of many seem to be triumphs of minute millinery; fond fathers and mothers will do well to pass through the place at a hand gallop, for the cost of these charming compositions must be heavy indeed.

Parallel to this long educational walk, we may take others through ten or a dozen courts, containing in succession the raw materials of dress; skins, leathers, wool, yarns, cotton, thread, silk, and so on; the same made up into fabrics; and these again sublimated into every imaginable article necessary to clothe the naked from head to foot. The Lyons silk-weavers, the great cotton centres of the North—in short, all the manufacturing centres—are represented; not jostling each other in masses of isolated cases or dismal rows of booths, but, according to their numbers and wealth, established in spacious courts—the best-looking wares in central fittings, the rest in continuous counters and cases. Each maker shows his name, but the fittings of the whole court are like those of one of our largest and best-ordered drapers' shops in London; and on a broad cornice overhead are painted the names of the towns contributing to the several collective shows. Clothes, underclothes, trimmings, uniforms, and finally ladies' fashions of the latest type and choicest make, are supposed to crown and complete the whole.

Under the group of clothing and personal ornament the Commissioners have classed jewelry. This class contains a large amount of cheap and common ornaments, such as most of our readers must have seen set out in the shops of the Palais Royal. The Parisians are full of invention in these things, and they are shown in the Exhibition in abundance, and in every variety; from huge theatrical sham jewels—crowns, stars, crosses, and collars of knighthood—to delicate and often pretty little ornaments in gilt metal, enamel, silver, aluminium, and other materials. Our own jewellers do not appear at all, and the French have this department pretty well to themselves. The best jewels are in a court fitted with well-made black cases, and a number of fine stones, pearls, and gold jewelry are to be seen in them—the gold jewelry consisting in many instances of good copies or imitations of the revived Etruscan work of Signor Castellani. Massin exhibits diamond flower-work; Rouvenat, some sapphires of rare size and colour and two very large emeralds (some of these stones are cut *en cabochon*—that is, polished without facets); Dumoret, fine *cabochon* emeralds; Duron, Etruscan

work; Lemoine, fine diamonds; Melleno, a row of black pearls, the middle ones of unusual size. Among the side cases is a monstrosity, for ecclesiastical use, of gold, enamel, and precious stones, by Demachy. In outer regions gold in sheet, leaf, &c., precious substances, coral, and other component materials are duly set out. Watches and clocks fill a large court. From church clocks, one of which strikes the quarters and hours for the public benefit, down to the smallest and daintiest of watches, every shape and size of time-piece is to be seen in many varieties. The historic name of Bréguet figures among the contributors. A huge pyramid is made up of the works of clocks ready to be fitted into cases of all sizes. While we are on the subject of timepieces we may advert to one of the monuments of the year, a lofty clock exhibited by the bronze-worker Barbédienne, the dean of his craft. It stands on a pedestal of marble and bronze, raised on columns of rosso antico, an elaborate structure of the richest gilt bronze, the dial and some other parts enamelled. The maker intends, we are told, to substitute a rosso antico dial, but that will scarcely improve this beautiful piece. It stands some ten feet high, and the cost (not yet decided) will amount to many thousands of pounds sterling.

Another court is filled by the table services and ornamental silver of Christoffe and other silversmiths. The fashion of the most costly of these displays is modelled figure and leafwork in frosted silver, with gilt portions. The figures and ornaments are well modelled, but English judges will scarcely prefer it as table plate to the old-fashioned polished English silver of a century since. Much excellent electroplated ware is also shown by Christoffe, and of this none exceeds in beauty the reproductions of the old Roman plate found at Hildesheim. Copies of several of these pieces are in the South Kensington Museum. Besides these reproductions the special stall in which they are shown contains figures, vases, and many considerable pieces of various merit, casts of contemporary works of sculpture in bronze and other materials.

Glass is exhibited on a large scale; chandeliers, vases, and table glass in endless variety. None of it surpasses the delicate table glass of our own best exhibitors, but there are greater varieties both of objects and designs. The blown glass of the Venetians we have already noticed. That manufacture is unrivalled. Outer galleries contain bottles, bowls, shades, and chemical glass vessels. Faience painted in every style, and white and painted porcelain, are set out in abundance. Much of it is of great merit, specially the manufactures of Gien, Nevers, and other places which are partial revivals of the beautiful productions of the last century. The end of the French fine art galleries looking on the broad transverse avenue of the building is faced with an audacious architectural front of painted faience by Deck, more bold indeed than agreeable. A few big pieces, triumphs of baking and firing, are set up in conspicuous places. The curious visitor will do well to note how certain difficulties encountered in firing large pieces and in baking the colours are got over. He may compare the Japanese and Chinese with English and Continental execution, as shown in the clean or blurred portions of the colouring.

Bronzes, those of Barbédienne and other employers, are of the highest merit in the French division. There are fair examples in the Italian also; but France bears the palm. Statuettes, chandeliers, and ornamental works of all kinds are exhibited in profusion, the clock of Barbédienne having been already mentioned. One of the great furniture makers of Paris is Henri Fourdinot, who exhibits various sumptuous pieces. Grohé opposite shows the highest type of workmanship in all branches of his business. These are representatives of an avenue of exhibitors. Boule-work, mahogany tables and cabinets with gilt mounts; carved panelling, door frames, marquetry, inlaid work; greater varieties of furniture than we make at home, are turned out by these exhibitors. Their cast and chiselled gilt metal mountings deserve careful examination. We can as yet produce nothing equal to them. Upholstery, tables, chairs, house-fittings innumerable line the avenue for a long distance. It is in the provision of these appliances of luxurious life that Paris is rich. In a hundred other forms, which there is no space to go through in detail, Parisian industry is supreme in "fancy" manufactures. Visitors will see these attractive productions in their very highest perfection ranged in tempting fashion under their eyes as they wander up and down these gay courts and galleries. They can be examined in a way that is impossible in shops. Attendants and stall-keepers are obliging and communicative; and manufacturers have not the smallest wish to hide either their talents or their inventions under a bushel.

HOSTILE TARIFFS AND OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

AT the last meeting of the Statistical Society Mr. Newmarch, the able continuator of Tooke's *History of Prices*, read a paper on the growth of our foreign trade since 1856, which is calculated to be of service at a time when the old doctrine of reciprocity is resuming its sway over the minds of traders and manufacturers. Abstract reasoning has curiously little influence on a large part of the public. Nothing could be more complete than the theoretical argument in support of Free-trade, and it seemed to have been taught in this country, from the press and the platform, with a success which placed it beyond further questioning; but no sooner are we tried by four or five years of commercial depression than it is found that by large and powerful classes the lesson has never been intellectually mastered. Abroad opinion is yet more unfavourable. On the Continent of Europe Protection reigns

supreme. Even in France, where the advantages of increased commercial intercourse have been proved by experience, the Protectionists are able to divert to their own purposes an inquiry instituted for political ends. In Germany also there are strong symptoms of backsliding; while in Austria, Hungary, Italy, Spain, and Russia Free-trade cannot obtain even a hearing. In the United States, again, the opponents of outside competition hold their own. And in our colonies jealousy of the British manufacturer prevails over all other considerations. Of course this general rejection of our example and teaching reacts powerfully at home, so that even so distinguished a leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League as Mr. Bright himself points to the exclusiveness of foreign tariffs as a serious danger to our prosperity. Under these circumstances it is well that an inquirer so competent as Mr. Newmarch should undertake to show what has been the effect of the adoption of Free-trade in spite of the hostility of foreign fiscal legislation. The conclusions at which he arrives ought to reassure the most despondent. During the past two-and-twenty years he demonstrates, on the evidence of the official statistics published by the Board of Trade, that our commerce has doubled in magnitude; that it has increased largely even with those countries whose duties are most restrictive; that its growth has been in the direction most favourable to this country; and that the depression of the past four or five years has been induced, not by hostile tariffs, but by very different causes, such as the frequent and desolating wars of the past seventeen years, and the distress of our agricultural classes, owing to bad crops and the losses through cattle-plague.

Mr. Newmarch begins by reminding his audience that the advantages of foreign trade are derived mainly from the imports. We deal with other nations because we want commodities which we cannot produce for ourselves, or cannot produce so cheaply or of such good quality. Primarily, therefore, it is what we get from abroad that is of importance. Indirectly, indeed, production for the foreign as well as for the home market, by enlarging the scale of the processes carried on, tends to increase the division of labour and the employment of machinery, and thus to lessen the cost of production. But the direct benefit is from the imports. It follows that the excess of imports over exports which so alarms Mr. Rathbone and those who think with him is a subject for congratulation, not for apprehension. As Mr. Newmarch neatly puts it, "In 1877-75 we got twenty shillings' worth of foreign goods for eleven shillings, while in 1859-56 we had to pay fourteen shillings." On a former occasion, when commenting on the controversy raised by Mr. Rathbone, we have pointed out in these columns that the excess of 173 millions which appeared last year from the Board of Trade returns is much greater than the real excess, because the value of the imports is swelled by freights, commission, insurance, and other charges, most of which are paid to British traders, not to foreigners, while the declared value of the exports does not include those charges, though they are added before the goods reach the hands of the foreign purchasers. Still there can be no doubt that there is a great excess. But this excess, instead of impoverishing us, as Mr. Rathbone contends, is adding to our riches, because it is afforded by the vast investments we have made abroad throughout a long series of years. It is, in fact, interest, profit, and capital drawn home, not mere outlay.

Coming now to the growth of the trade, we find that in the two-and-twenty years under review the imports have more than doubled in amount—that is, they have risen from 175 millions sterling to 380 millions, or 117 per cent. Calculated per head of the population, the increase has been from 6*l.* 5*s.* to 11*l.* 10*s.*, or 84 per cent. Looked at from either point of view, these figures show a marvellous growth since the close of the Crimean war. In the same period the exports rose from 121 millions to 210 millions, or 74 per cent.; and per head of the population the augmentation was from 4*l.* 6*s.* to 6*l.* 10*s.*, or 52 per cent. The vastly more rapid growth of the imports is rightly treated by Mr. Newmarch as evidence of the extraordinary increase of the national wealth; but he is hardly considerate enough towards the ignorance of the general public. His paper would be more useful if he could realize to himself the degree of puzzlement which prevails on this question. The trading classes see the exports steadily falling off and the imports as steadily increasing, and they rightly regard the disorganization of great industries—such as the cotton, woollen, coal, and iron trades—as seriously affecting the prosperity of the community. It is not enough to tell them that we trade only to buy commodities, and that the less we have to pay the greater our profit. It is necessary to add that the decline of the exports is a loss only because the immense capital invested in producing goods for the foreign market is not fully and remuneratively employed. If it were, the fact that it purchased year after year a larger and yet larger quantity of foreign commodities would be acknowledged by every one to be an advantage. In short, Mr. Newmarch's terse saying, that eleven shillings now buy as much as fourteen shillings bought two-and-twenty years ago, is not a full statement of all the facts. We want to lay out more than the eleven shillings, but we cannot get sale for the goods that would enable us to do so. It is here that explanation is really needed, and the explanation is this. The causes which prevent foreigners from buying as largely from us as we desire are not only independent of our fiscal policy, but lie entirely beyond our control. Amongst them may be enumerated protectionist tariffs, which, by making the foreigner pay more than he need for everything he consumes, leave him a less margin from which to accumulate savings; the growth under protection of competition abroad; the frequent wars which

have desolated Europe and America during the past quarter of a century; the crushing expenditure and the blood-tax of the new systems of military service; the excessive debts incurred; the too rapid sinking of capital in railways and other public works; famines, droughts, failures of crops, cattle-plague, and other national calamities; the timidity occasioned by the fear of a great European struggle; and panics, paralysis of credit, and monetary disturbances.

Perhaps the most striking proof that can be afforded of the vast commercial superiority of this country is brought out by a comparison instituted by Mr. Newmarch between the progress of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom and that of the four great protectionist nations—the United States, France, Austria, and Russia. These four nations contain an aggregate population about six times more numerous than our own, and their combined wealth must also be vastly greater. Yet we find that since 1860 the imports into those four States increased only 206 millions sterling, while the imports into this country alone increased 164 millions. That is to say, while their populations exceed ours about 600 per cent., the growth of their imports is barely 25 per cent. greater. The growth of their exports in the same period was 160 millions, against 90 millions in our case, being an excess of nearly 80 per cent. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that at the beginning of the period chosen for comparison the United Kingdom possessed a great superiority over the countries named in everything that constitutes industrial prosperity, and consequently that a relatively greater progress was to be expected. But the actual result is very much more favourable than this circumstance alone will account for. Our better fortune, however, is not entirely to be attributed to our adoption of Free-trade. We have enjoyed profound peace during the whole eighteen years, whereas the United States have been torn asunder by one of the most tremendous civil wars recorded in history. France also has suffered terrible disasters, and Austria has likewise been invaded and defeated. Russia, it is true, until last year was at peace, but she suffered from the Crimean struggle far more severely than we did. Still, when all allowances are made, the failure of Protection is very evident from the figures just quoted. It would be yet more manifest if the comparison were to be made with each of the four countries separately.

We were prepared more or less for these results, but what will surprise most persons is the very slight effect which hostile foreign tariffs have exerted upon our exports. Mr. Newmarch has prepared a table in which he classifies the several countries with which we trade according to the degree of hostility of their tariffs, and he exhibits the proportion borne by our exports to those countries to our imports from them. We find that in the period 1859-56 the proportion in the case of the most hostile averaged 64 per cent; in 1877-75 it had fallen to 51 per cent. This, then, was the greatest effect that can be attributed to the most hostile tariffs—to reduce the proportion of our exports to our imports barely 13 per cent. But it may be questioned whether the effect is due to the hostile tariffs; for in the years 1874-70 there was no reduction in the proportion, but rather a slight increase. The falling-off, therefore, is chiefly, if not entirely, due to the extreme depression under which those countries have been suffering since 1873. If so, hostile tariffs merely prevent a growth of our exports. The fact has an important bearing on the policy of commercial treaties besides disposing of the nonsense that is talked respecting the injury done us by Protection abroad.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IV.

AS we have said before, the Royal Academy is this year distinguished by no especial work of such commanding interest as is sometimes found to balance the general poverty of an exhibition. Among the pictures which come nearest to fulfilling this condition a high place must be given to Mr. P. R. Morris's "Première Communion, Dieppe" (505), a large picture representing a procession of white-robed girls passing along a street or road close to the sea, at the side of which sailors and peasants stand to let them go by. There is much feeling in Mr. Morris's work; and we should be inclined to single out for special praise the expression in face and attitude of the toil-worn peasants, which is singularly true to nature and suggestive. They have that curious aspect of patience and energy which is characteristic of the French peasant—an aspect which is the result of a peculiar mixture of qualities, and which it is not easy to define in words, although Mr. Morris recalls it to us plainly on his canvas. In his treatment of the procession the painter has produced a general effect which has in it much poetry; he has filled the scene with movement and suggested its pathos with a true insight; and one feels stirred by looking at his picture as one might by seeing the thing itself. In the painting of the white dresses which are massed together in the principal place in the picture Mr. Morris has not perhaps altogether succeeded; but, as a whole, the work is admirable. Another picture of some importance from its size and position is Mr. Yeames's "And when did you last see your father?" (329), which represents a little boy being questioned by the commandant of soldiers under the Long Parliament. This is not a very new subject, but it is one which is capable of being made highly interesting. Neither in his conception nor in his execution does the painter seem to have reached the

degree of success which might fairly be demanded. The opportunities for expression in the faces of the various personages have been strangely missed or misused; the colour seems false throughout the picture, and all the textures have a strange resemblance to each other. In the same gallery (No. IV.) with this work is a small picture by Mr. Andrew C. Gow, "News from the Front" (315), which is a very happy representation of a group of soldiers under the First Empire. In another larger picture, "A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville" (444), the same painter has made a yet more marked success. The work is full of life and movement, and one seems almost able to hear the shouts of the crowd below, to whom the principal figure, standing on a chair at the open window, waves a document just received. The period chosen has given the painter a good opportunity for showing his skill in dealing with silk and satin textures. The same skill is displayed by Mr. Marcus Stone in "The Post Bag" (71), perhaps the most charming picture which this painter has yet produced. The figure of the girl who is chiefly interested in the contents of the bag is graceful and tender; there is a quiet humour in the other figures; the garden, with its quaint terrace and shady trees, is highly picturesque; and there is a quaint old-fashioned flavour about the whole scene which is singularly pleasing. In the same gallery with this (No. I.) Mr. Orchardson, R.A. elect, has a portrait called "Conditional Neutrality" (41), which has many points of excellence, and is only marred by the presence of that curiously dingy colouring which Mr. Orchardson likes to apply to his subjects. Close to this hangs Mr. Poynter's fine study of "Zenobia Captive" (43), and next to this, again (44), one of two studies of "Kashmiree Nauteh Girls," by Mr. Val. C. Prinsep. In this the prevailing colour is white, used with much strength and refinement; in the other (167) one may note the skilful employment of green. Mr. Claud Calthrop's "Meeting of Scottish Jacobites" (10), in the same room, is a very clever and careful piece of work; but the dresses and accoutrements of the conspirators are strangely new and clean. Mr. Caldecott, who has long been known as a draughtsman of great skill, has a picture (597) with the motto "So they hunted and they holla'd, Till the setting of the sun." Of this Mr. Henry Blackburn, in his *Academy Notes* (Chatto and Windus), writes with great truth that it is "an instance of the injurious hanging of an excellent picture."

Among the animal pictures of this year the best are Mr. Marks's "Convocation" (286), and Mr. B. Rivière's "An Anxious Moment" (392). Both deal with birds; but Mr. Marks's birds are adjacent birds, and Mr. Rivière's are geese. The amount of character which Mr. Marks has put into his convocation is wonderful, and will delight every one who feels an interest in the fascinating quaintness of these birds, who seem at times, as a distinguished author once said, "to have been created for fun." Mr. Marks's picture is full of humour without exaggeration, and in execution is, as usual with this painter, admirable. Mr. Rivière's picture represents a flock of geese in an agony of mingled terror and daring at the sight of an old hat lying in their path. This also shows a fine appreciation of the infinite variety of character to be found among the speechless part of creation. Mr. Rivière's picture of how "The Lion and the Lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep" (201) is picturesque and imaginative in the sense which we ventured last week to assign to the term in explanation of the Premier's use of it. No living man has seen such lions, or such light; but as an effect of colour the work has something pleasing in it.

Mr. Calderon's picture (190), to which Mr. Blackburn, in place of the long quotation in the official Catalogue, gives the more convenient title of "Removing Nuns from Loughborough," strikes us as disappointing in many respects; and of this painter's works in the present exhibition we much prefer the portrait in the first room, of which we have already spoken. Mr. Herkomer, whose remarkable portraits in the Grosvenor Gallery we mentioned last week, has in the Academy, among other things, a work called "Eventide—a Scene in the Westminster Union" (1002), which is perhaps more curious than beautiful. The faces of the old women who are extracting comfort from their tea are indeed rendered with singular penetration and exactitude; but the composition of the picture is odd, and can hardly be thought happy. Mr. Macbeth's "Sedge-Cutting in Wicken Fen" (1016), again, is scarcely so fortunate as was the same painter's contribution to last year's exhibition, although it is not the less a picture which has many fine points. Mr. Watson Nicol, who had two pictures of great cleverness last year, this year sends "To our next merrie meetynge" (474), a work of the same cast as last year's, and equally good. Mr. O'Connor's "Westminster from Lambeth" (431) has an unusual and welcome brightness; and Mr. White, in his "Colonel Newcombe (*sic*) at the Charterhouse" (272), has caught happily the spirit of Thackeray's text, though either he or the compiler of the Catalogue has curiously disfigured its letter. Among younger painters who made some mark last year, Mr. Rooke, in his "Death of Ahab" (533), has scarcely fulfilled the promise which he then gave; while Mr. Wortley, in "The Leader of the Pack" (377), shows signs of increasing command of his talent. The flight of the birds is full of life and vigour. Leaving untouched, for the present at least, several works which for one reason or another deserve attention, we may direct notice to Miss Clara Montalba's admirable "Last Journey" (424), and return to the Grosvenor Gallery.

Here special attention has been directed to a work of which we have as yet said nothing, "Perseus and the Graie" (150), by Mr. E. Burne-Jones. This, to quote once more from Mr.

Blackburn, is "the first of a series of designs (in yellow and white metal fastened on wood) to illustrate the tale of Perseus." This last vagary of Mr. Burne-Jones's imagination has found immense favour with some of his admirers. One would expect that it would, because it is in a sense odder than anything else which he has ever done. Mr. Burne-Jones is a painter for some of whose qualities we have several times expressed our admiration. But we are very far from being prepared to hold him up as the genius of the age, and it is perhaps unfortunate for him that there are a certain number of people who are prepared to accept whatever he does with meek and unreserved devotion. One can see why to some of these people eccentricity is the measure of excellence. "Esoteric" is a great word, greater perhaps even than "aesthetic"; and when one can have an esoteric appreciation of an æsthetic beauty to which the majority of mankind is blind, the cup of happiness must be full indeed. An instance of the truth of this might have been observed not long ago in some sentences penned by a critic who, in a paradoxical mood, took Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Whistler together as a text for a discourse in which the public was instructed as to the proper way of looking at and admiring their works. There is, indeed, this resemblance between the two painters—that they both have certain affectations which endure them to a certain number of people. Mr. Burne-Jones has the advantage of Mr. Whistler in that in his one picture this year he deals in allegory, and that his more fervent admirers have an added joy in explaining his meaning to the unlightened; while Mr. Whistler's meaning is plain enough, however obscure or unfinished his expression of it may be. On the other hand, Mr. Whistler's method is in some sense more original than that of Mr. Burne-Jones, who has always seemed to aim at returning to a comparatively primitive style of art, but has not till this year hit upon the happy thought of reproducing, with variations, the ancient mode of filling in with solid stone or metal the decorations of persons represented in outline. There is no difference in an artistic point of view between the tiaras fitted with real precious stones in the mediæval pictures of Madonnas and saints and the "yellow and white metal fastened on wood" in which the clothing and accoutrements of Mr. Burne-Jones's figures are expressed. Surely metal on colour is as false in art as metal on metal is in heraldry; and one might as well have the people in ordinary pictures dressed in real cloth as Mr. Burne-Jones's "Perseus and the Graie" in white and yellow metal. No doubt, if Mr. Burne-Jones were to take a hint from *Peg Woffington*, and exhibit a series of pictures in which the heads were represented by real persons, a number of people would be found to say that it was the acme of art. It is a pity that this should be so; a professor of any art who is not strong enough to resist the flattery of a clique is sure to exaggerate and become confirmed in his faults; and every time that a freak of his is applauded he runs more danger of falling into fresh extravagances. Mr. Burne-Jones is, as we have said, a painter who has some admirable qualities. He has always had many faults, but he has not until now shown signs of becoming a professor of eccentricity.

REVIEWS.

STUBBS'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.—VOL. III.*

HERE is the completion of a great work which makes us only wish that it went on further. We feel that Professor Stubbs could have guided us safely even through those parts of English history which are most thickly set with controversy. His present subject leads him now and then to deal with matters which do not come within the chronological limit of his subject; and these glimpses show the same thorough capacity for dealing with the few centuries which he leaves out which he has already shown in his long course through the first thousand years of English political growth. Though his subject formally ends before the beginning of the sixteenth century, yet he gives us incidental sketches both of the sixteenth century and of the seventeenth. He has an estimate both of the Tudor and of the Stuart reigns; and the hand which has painted the early Angevins in full has drawn life-like miniatures of Charles the First and of the later Cromwell. In these short sketches Mr. Stubbs shows the same keen insight and amazing impartiality which he shows everywhere. He pronounces moral judgments, sometimes stern ones, but they are oftener pronounced on whole ages or communities than on individuals. For the individual man, while he never gloses over his misdeeds, he always makes every allowance which his age or his circumstances may suggest. So with religious and political parties, he seems to understand all, to sympathize with all, to delight to bring out whatever measure of truth and reason can be found in their several systems. Of some writers we say that they write of controversial times and subjects without being the partisans of any side. Of Mr. Stubbs we should rather be inclined to say that he contrives to be the partisan, he certainly can be the spokesman, of all sides at once. So it is with institutions. Mr. Stubbs is no fanatical lover or hater of any kind of institutions for their own sake. He thoroughly sees that there is no ideally best

* *The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. III. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1878.

set of institutions, but that any form of government which deserves the name may be best or worst, according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners. There is no profounder passage, even in Mr. Stubbs's writings, than one in the present volume in which he points out that there are stages in political progress in which even exclusive class privileges may be steps in a popular direction. The victory of one class may be the earnest of the coming victory of another, and even those who are still shut out may wisely rejoice in the success whose fruits they do not themselves share. It is only at a later stage that the hard line is drawn, and that the advance of one class no longer helps but hinders the advance of another. Mr. Stubbs has worked out this truth in the case both of the clergy and of the privileged classes in the towns. There was a stage in which the special privileges of those orders were a step in the general progress of the nation. There was a later stage in which the same privileges became a hindrance to its progress.

But, as it now stands, Mr. Stubbs's Constitutional History, even if it stood by itself, without the other great, though less systematic, writings which have come from the same pen, would be the worthy work of a life. Yet we may fairly hope for more enlightenment from the same source. And, if Mr. Stubbs has fully made up his mind not to carry on the constitutional history of his own country any further, there is another subject, equally worthy of him and perhaps almost more needed, at which he has sometimes in a manner hinted. Mr. Stubbs has mastered the institutions of other countries besides his own. He has traced various forms of institutions up to their common sources, and he has constantly used one form to illustrate another. As here, near the end of his work, he has in a manner sketched the constitutional history of England during the times on which he does not formally enter, so, near its beginning, he sketched in like manner the constitutional progress of several other European countries as compared with that of England. Let him work out this sketch in full. The later constitutional history of England from the hands of Mr. Stubbs would be a great boon. We are not sure that a Comparative Constitutional History of Europe down to the stage where Mr. Stubbs leaves off his English narrative would not be a yet greater boon.

We ask for more, simply because we have profited so well by what we have already. Otherwise the master of English history has fully earned his title to rest if he thinks good. The mass of knowledge stowed together in the present volume is, merely as a mass of knowledge, astounding; it becomes more astounding still when we look at it in any of the endless bearings which Mr. Stubbs's present materials have on times both before and after those with which he is immediately dealing. The volume contains four chapters. The first is very nearly a history of the fifteenth century, or of so much of it as comes before Bosworth field. And it is a history which, even more than is usual with Mr. Stubbs, pours a flood of fresh light on the times which he has taken in hand. Except the brilliant career of Henry the Fifth, the fifteenth century is not an attractive period. There is a dearth both of great men and of great events, unless great crimes and the ups and downs of civil war are allowed to pass as great events. In some ages, in the thirteenth century and in the seventeenth, the ups and downs of civil war may well pass as the very greatest of all events. But those are civil wars of quite another kind from the dynastic struggle of York and Lancaster. There is indeed a certain outward analogy between the reigns of Henry the Third and of Henry the Sixth. In both the years slip away almost without our knowing it, till we find ourselves in a war in which Englishmen are arrayed against Englishmen. But between the armed struggles themselves in the two cases there is no kind of likeness. The struggle of the thirteenth century was one of the greatest landmarks in our progress, one of the greatest steps in the second growth of English freedom. The struggle of the fifteenth century marks the temporary stoppage of political growth; it marks the beginning of the state of things which reached its full development under Henry the Eighth. The earlier struggle was a struggle of principles, a struggle for the redress of grievances. In the later struggle the disputants simply played with principles, grievances, anything that suited them, and turned them to their own purposes. The final issue was the rule of Edward the First in one case, the rule of Edward the Fourth in the other. But because the time is less attractive, it is not the less instructive. The fifteenth century has a direct connexion with the seventeenth. Hallam remarked that the patriots of the seventeenth century always went back for precedents to the Lancastrian reigns at the latest. Those reigns were the latest period of constitutional rule. The intermediate reigns, Yorkist and Tudor, had been very largely reigns of *unlaw*, whose example was to be avoided rather than followed. It is of great moment then, if only for the understanding of later history, fully to mark the extent of constitutional growth which the country had reached during the Lancastrian time. And, though attention is apt to be called off from the constitutional aspect of the time to other aspects which stand out more boldly on the surface, the Lancastrian time is constitutionally a very important time. The main outlines of the constitution had been fixed already; this time fixed a vast number of details, modes of procedure, particular points of all kinds, very much as they have stayed ever since. A Parliament of the fifteenth century was surprisingly like a Parliament of the nineteenth century. As far as concerns matters which could be made matters of law or rule or outward custom, change has been very small. Where change has come

in, it has been in those points which are perfectly well understood, but which no law or custom can define. It would most likely be found that all those powers and duties of the Speaker which can be defined by law or by rule of the House have changed very little indeed since the days of Sir Arnold Savage. When it is needed that the House should speak by a single mouth, whether to the Sovereign or to anybody else, it speaks by the Speaker's mouth as it did then. But no modern Speaker is called on to treat the Sovereign to such long speeches as those with which Sir Arnold Savage treated Henry the Fourth. That is because of the growth of two other personages, as perfectly well known as the Speaker himself, but whose functions cannot, like those of the Speaker, be defined by law or written rule. The speeches which the Speaker then made to the King are now made inside the House by the Leader of the Opposition to the Leader of the House.

So the privileges of the Houses, the mode of procedure in each House, were all settled, essentially as they remain still, before the Wars of Roses ushered in the time when Kings met Parliaments as seldom as they could. Thus the machine was perfect, ready for use again when better times came. Take one point only; it was of the highest importance in our political growth that the practice of bringing in the demands of the Commons in the form of ready-made Bills which the royal assent could at once turn into Acts, instead of in the earlier form of mere petitions, was fully established before the evil day came. Tudor and Stuart Kings and their Ministers might have turned the older practice to their own purposes even more thoroughly than the older Kings did. In almost every point the liberties of England, the constitution and the powers of Parliament, had been put into a definite shape to which later patriots could appeal. And to have established this was largely the work of the reigns of the constitutional Kings of the House of Lancaster.

In the more strictly historical chapter of Mr. Stubbs's present volume one of the most important features is his treatment of Henry the Fourth and his reign. In popular belief that reign was chiefly occupied by Hotspur and the Battle of Shrewsbury, to say nothing of the mysterious end of Richard. Henry himself seems to have hardly any being, save at the moment of his banishment by Richard and at the moment of his election to the crown. Few take in his great personal position, both English and European, as long as he remained a subject, and few take in the real character and importance of his reign as King. Henry, in his earlier stages as Earl of Derby and Duke of Hereford, had won fame in the world in general as a pilgrim and crusader; he had won fame in England as a constitutional leader, the representative of the constitutional House of Lancaster. As King, he seems altogether to change. All that is winning and amiable in him seems to pass away; yet, except one or two violent acts done in times of insurrection, no earlier King had reigned in a manner so thoroughly constitutional. But let us look at the picture—a sketch only, not, like some others, a full length—as the master himself draws it:—

The impression produced by his earlier career is so inconsistent with that derived from his later life and from his conduct as king, that they seem scarcely reconcilable as parts of one life. We are tempted to think that, like other men who have taken part in great crises, or in whose life a great crisis has taken place, he underwent some deep change of character at the critical point. As Henry of Derby he is the adventurous, chivalrous crusader; prompt, energetic, laborious; the man of impulse rather than of judgment; led sometimes by his uncle Gloucester, sometimes by his father; yet independent in action, averse to bloodshed, strong in constitutional beliefs. If with Gloucester and Arundel he is an appellant in 1383, it is against the unconstitutional position of the favourites; if, against Gloucester and Arundel in 1397, he takes part with John of Gaunt and Richard, it is because he believes his old allies to have crossed the line which separates legal opposition from treason and conspiracy. On both these critical occasions he shows good faith and honest intent rather than policy or foresight. As king we find him suspicious, cold-blooded, and politic, undecided in action, cautious and jealous in private and public relations, and, if not personally cruel, willing to sanction and profit by the cruelty of others. Throughout his career he is consistently devout, pure in life, temperate and careful to avoid offence, faithful to the church and clergy, unwavering in orthodoxy, keeping always before his eyes the design with which he began his active life, hoping to die as a crusader. Throughout his career too he is consistent in political faith: the house of Lancaster had risen by advocating constitutional principles, and on constitutional principles they governed. Henry IV. ruled his kingdom with the aid of a council such as he had tried to force on Richard II., and yielded to his parliaments all the power, place, and privilege that had been claimed for them by the great houses which he represented. It is only after six years of sad experience have proved to him that he can trust none of his old friends, when one by one the men that stood by him at his coronation have fallen victims to their own treasuries or to the dire necessity of his policy, that he becomes vindictive, suspicious, and irresolute, and tries to justify, on the plea of necessity, the cruelties at which as a younger man he would have shuddered.

It certainly does seem amazing that the Henry of Derby of earlier days could ever have come to be capable of such an act as the beheading of Archbishop Scrope, in the teeth of both law and prudence and of the prayer of his best counsellors.

We need hardly say that so thoroughly constitutional a writer as Mr. Stubbs fully sets forth the perfectly just title of the Lancastrian Kings. Yet it is a profound remark when he says that "we can hardly think that Henry was so far in advance of his age as to believe fully in the validity of the plea on which, as the chosen of the nation, he claimed the throne." And he connects this with "the love of casuistical argument" which Capgrave attributes to him, and which, Mr. Stubbs says, "may have been a sign of the morbid consciousness that he had placed himself in a false position." "Conscience," he adds, "may have urged that it was not by honest means that he had availed himself of his great opportunity." If Henry was, in the course of the

revolution which set him on the throne, guilty of anything like those breaches of faith with which his enemies charged him—on which Mr. Stubbs says pointedly that they are not “trustworthy, but that they represent popular beliefs”—there would of course be plenty to make his personal conscience uneasy, though the validity of the national act which made him King would be in no way disturbed. As to the fate of Richard Mr. Stubbs gives no decided judgment; but he says, “We may believe that Henry spoke the truth when he declared that he had no hand in his death.” Stories of escapes are so thoroughly suspicious that it is worth noting that Mr. Stubbs seems to put the tale that Richard “escaped to live in Scotland an idiot and a prisoner” on a level with the various and quite uncertified stories of his death. In any case, it was clearly for the reigning King’s interest that he should be believed to be dead.

The Parliamentary history of the year 1401, a very important year in Parliamentary history, is opened by Mr. Stubbs with the remark that “it was not the weakness of the King’s title, as has sometimes been said, but their knowledge of his necessities that gave them their vantage-ground.” Whatever particular conspirators might do, Parliament could not question the title of a King who had been elected by Parliament. During Henry’s reign we have the sight of a thoroughly constitutional King and a thoroughly loyal Parliament who are very often at variance with one another, and often use great plainness of speech to one another, especially when Sir Arnold Savage was Speaker of the Commons. In fact this reign gives one of the very best studies of constitutional government at this stage, the stage when the great principles of freedom have been established, but when the refinements of the modern conventional constitution have not yet been thought of. The King governs according to law; but he really governs, and does not merely reign. He is bound by the old laws, but he has full power of refusing his assent to new ones. He must do nothing against the law; but within the range of his legal powers he can use his own free will. He must listen to the petitions, the complaints, the remonstrances, of his people; when he has listened to them, he can, within the same limits, act according to his own discretion. This is a necessary stage through which Parliamentary institutions must pass before they reach their fully developed modern shape. It is a stage in which the King is brought face to face with a full-grown Parliament, armed with all legal Parliamentary powers, in a way in which he is not in earlier and later stages. And the more single-minded both King and Parliament are, the more frankly each deals with the other, the oftener will they find occasions for personal difference. That this stage in English history is seen in a time so far removed from us as the Lancastrian reigns is due to the time of *unlaw* which began with the Yorkist despotism. It may be, as Mr. Stubbs hints, that our Parliamentary system was unable to bear the strain which was put upon it. It was certainly a very delicate machine, which had to be used in somewhat rude times and often by rude hands. It lived on through the reigns of Henry the Fourth and his illustrious son; it broke down under the ministers of Henry the Sixth. Thence we leap to the seventeenth century, and take up our tale again. The position of William the Third, which has so many points of likeness to that of Henry the Fourth, has this further point. Here we again have a Parliament strictly loyal to the King, a King strictly constitutional in his dealings with Parliament. But no King had more differences with his Parliament; no King oftener refused his assent to measures which had passed the Houses.

We wish to point out this chapter of Mr. Stubbs’s volume as essentially a history of the Lancastrian reigns from a constitutional point of view, a point of view in which the fighting and the foreign politics become secondary matters, dealt with only as they bear on internal affairs. This chapter alone, merely as a narrative, is the addition to our history of the most thorough account of a very important time which has yet been written. In another article we will go on to some of the points which are raised in the more general chapters which follow it. Meanwhile we have one question to ask. It is an old puzzle as to the exact meaning of those words in Henry’s challenge of the crown in which he speaks of himself as “descended by right line of blood, coming from the good lord King Henry the Third.” This has been generally understood to allude to a claim by female descent from Henry the Third’s son Edmund, who is said to have been alleged to be really his eldest son. It is added that John of Gaunt caused this false pedigree to be inserted in several chronicles. Mr. Stubbs mentions all this, and adds:—

But the words of Henry’s challenge do not necessarily imply that he meant to assert the forged pedigree; they need imply no more than that succession through females was regarded as strange to the customs of England. It is on the exclusion of females that Fortescue urges the claim of the king’s brother as against the grandson by a daughter, in the treatise “*de Natura Legis Naturæ*”; and if that were accepted, Henry might fairly call himself the male heir of Henry III. It was, moreover, on this principle probably that he excluded his own daughters from the succession in 1404 and 1406.

There is no doubt that Henry was the next male heir to the crown; only why, being such, should he go back to Henry the Third? He was the nearest male representative of his own grandfather Edward the Third, which, on this view, was surely all that was needed. Is it possible that he refers to his doubly royal descent, as sprung from Henry the Third by both parents? It is hard to see how this would strengthen his claim to the crown; but it would give a meaning to the mention of Henry the Third which otherwise it is not easy to see. After all, the instructive thing is that Henry does not like to trust himself

wholly to the free choice of Parliament, but seeks to bring in an hereditary claim of some kind. Parliament, on the other hand, simply “with one accord agreed that the said Duke shall reign over them,” without saying on what ground they accepted his claim. Here again we are in a transition stage. In later times Henry’s claim as the next male heir would have gone for nothing. In earlier times no one but himself would have been thought to have any claim. As it was, Parliament was clearly a little puzzled, and did not like to commit itself either way. The result was that the Lancastrian Kings reigned, yet more distinctly than they otherwise might have done, by a title purely Parliamentary.

THE BOMBAY GAZETTEER.*

THE *Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency*, of which the second volume is now before us, is only a part of the exhaustive *Gazetteer of India* which is being compiled under the able superintendence of Mr. W. W. Hunter. Mr. J. M. Campbell, to whose labours the public are indebted for the volume before us, has been able to collect from Government Reports and local traditions much new and interesting information respecting the districts of which he writes; but he would have added to the favour thereby conferred on the general reader—though at the risk of disappointing the administrator—if by omission or compression he had reduced his statistics and census tables and assessment rates into narrower limits than those of this large volume. If the whole of the *Bombay Gazetteer* is written on the same scale, the present generation will have passed away before the last volume appears; and the work will only prove interesting to those who enjoy the secular leisure of Methuselah. The thieves of Western India seem to enjoy some learned leisure, for the first volume has not yet appeared, owing to a part of it having been stolen. The delay in the publication of the first volume will, however, cause no inconvenience to the students of Indian history; for the history of Surat, with which district the present volume is mainly occupied, ought chronologically to be studied before that of Bombay.

After roaming over the Indian seas, English enterprise first furlled its wandering sail at the port of Surat, and there founded a small factory, which afterwards grew into that stately fabric, our Empire in the East. Surat is one of the chief towns of Gujarat, a province of India which, on account of its natural advantages both for agriculture and commerce, has from the earliest times occupied an important position in the history of Hindustan. “Goozurat,” says the renowned Italian traveller, “is a great kingdom. The people are idolaters and have a peculiar language and a king of their own, and are tributary to no one.” Gujarat, according to the permanent boundaries indicated by natural formation and the language of the people, is about equal to Great Britain in extent and somewhat resembles a horseshoe in shape. The Gulf of Cambay forms its inner boundary, and Surat is one of its most ancient ports on that part of the coast. How ancient it is hard to decide. If we are to believe Herbert Ogilby and other writers, few cities have greater claims to antiquity than Surat. The editor of the *Bombay Gazetteer*, however, says that “most accounts of Surat agree that it is not an old town”; but this statement is somewhat contradicted by a footnote in which numerous authorities are quoted which tend to show that Surat might possibly be as old as the time of the Ptolemies. The editor of the *Gazetteer* also gives us three or four contradictory accounts of the origin of the name of the city. Narmadāshankar, in his Gujarātī account of Surat, says that it derives its name from a courtesan named Suraj (the sun); but the Mahomedan ruler, not caring that the city should bear the name of a lady of frail virtue, changed it to Surat. The local histories are agreed in fixing the establishment of the prosperity of Surat as a modern city in the last years of the fifteenth century, and in 1514 the Portuguese traveller Barbosa describes it as “a city of very great trade in all classes of merchandise, a very important seaport, yielding a large revenue to the King, and frequented by many ships from Malabar and all other parts.” Barbosa’s own countrymen were, however, for many years the greatest enemies to the growth of the prosperity of the town. Two years before his visit they had burnt it, and subsequently, in 1530 and 1531, they again laid waste the city. In order to protect it from their frequent attacks, the King of Ahmedabad commanded the present castle to be built, and, in spite of the efforts of the Portuguese, who tried by force and bribery to prevent its construction, the fortress was finished about 1546. In 1572 the fertile fields and park-like lands of Gujarat attracted the attention of the great Akbar, and he appeared with overwhelming forces and received the submission of the province. For nearly two centuries after this Gujarat became one of the provinces subject to the house of Tamerlane, and Surat was ruled by governors appointed by the Emperors of Delhi. Akbar, always willing to encourage foreign enterprise, concluded a treaty with the Portuguese which made them virtual masters of the Surat seas. The example set by Portugal was not lost upon the other nations of Europe. The Dutch began to turn their attention to the Eastern trade, and rapidly to supplant the merchants of Lisbon. The great Elizabethan mariners took up the tale, and the first charter of the “Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading with the East Indies” (which, after various renewals, amalgamations, and changes of title, has retained through all its

* *Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency*. Prepared under the Orders of Government, Gujarat. Vol. II. Bombay: Government Central Press.

vicissitudes a traditional identity), was granted on December 31st, 1600.

The early enterprises of the East India Company, including the voyages of Lancaster, Middleton, and Davis, have been so fully recorded in the pages of their "historiographer," Hakluyt, that any detailed notice of the summary given in the volume before us would be superfluous. In 1608, or just about a century after the arrival of the Portuguese, Captain Hawkins of the good ship *Hector* brought to anchor the first English vessel in Gujarat waters. He tells us that he was kindly received by the natives "after their own barbarous manner," but was much harassed by the Portuguese. At this time Surat is described as of considerable size, "with many good houses belonging to merchants," and "a pleasant green having a may-pole in the middle, on which at high festivals were hung lights and other decorations." The city was very populous and full of merchants. The people were "tall, neat, and well clothed in garments of white calico and silk, and very grave and judicious in their behaviour." The coast in the neighbourhood witnessed many hard-contested struggles with the Portuguese before they would permit the English to share in the lucrative trade of the city. The English in these contests proved that they could not only hold their own, but even defeat the hitherto irresistible Portuguese. Their courage won so much respect that their rights of trade were at last formally recognized by the Viceroy of Gujarat, and in the year 1613 a charter was granted by the Great Moghul which confirmed the privileges granted to the English by his representative. In 1615 Sir Thomas Roe was sent by James I. as Ambassador to the Court of the Moghul Emperor, and three years later he succeeded in obtaining certain further privileges for his countrymen. He also made a separate treaty with the Emperor's third son, Prince Khurram, afterwards the famous Shah Jehan, to whom had been assigned by his father the government of Surat. By this treaty the English gained the rights of building a house, bearing arms, exercising their own religion freely, and settling their own disputes among themselves. That modest house at Surat was the first permanent connexion of the English with India, and the rapid growth of the Surat factory forms an important and interesting chapter in the history of our Eastern Empire. Twelve years after the English got permission to build a house, the President received the high-sounding title of "Chief of the Honourable Company of English Merchants trading in the East," and in 1638 there were at Surat about twenty-four merchants and officers, and once a year the agents of eight subordinate factories came to render account to the President. The factory was fortified in 1642, and in 1646 its "quick stock" was valued at 83,000*l.*, and twenty years later it is said to have excelled all houses, except that of the Dutch, who had also been allowed to establish a factory. The prosperity of the factory at Surat received a fatal blow by Bombay being ceded to the Company (1668), by its being made the capital of the Company's possessions, and the chief seat of their trade (1687). Surat was taken possession of by the English in 1759, and the conquerors assumed the undivided government of the city in 1800.

Mr. Campbell, by means of old records and books of travels, has enabled us to catch some interesting glimpses of the habits and life of the English at Surat in those early days. At first they adopted the native costume, but after a time they found tailors "who could fashion their coats after the prevailing mode in England." The prevailing mode must have been found peculiarly cumbersome and oppressive in a hot climate; for "peasecod-bellied" doublets and short cloaks or mantles, with standing collars, were then the fashion. The factors fared sumptuously every day. Their dishes and plates were of silver, "massy and substantial," and were filled with the choicest viands, prepared to please every palate by English, Portuguese, and French cooks. One luxury they enjoyed before it had become common in England. "At our ordinary meetings every day," writes one of their guests, "we only took *Thé*, which is commonly used all over the Indies, not only amongst those of the country, but also among the Dutch and English, who take it as a drug that cleanses the stomach and digests the superfluous humours by a temperate heat particular thereto." The writer is not, however, strictly accurate, for the factors did not restrict themselves to *Thé*, but indulged somewhat too freely in sack and punch. Thomas Coryate, the author of that most whimsical book *The Crudities*, is described by Fryer as having died at Surat in 1617 of drinking too much sack. What they called "pale punch" was, however, the factors' favourite drink. Mandelslo describes it as "an certain breuvage composé d'eau-de-vie, d'eau-de-rose, de pis de citron, et de sucre," which he says was called by the English "palepuntz," meaning bowl of punch. Fryer describes it as an enervating liquor called punch, and he mentions "arach" as one of its ingredients, instead of brandy. In their love of strong drinks the English, however, seem to have been beaten by their Dutch rivals:—

The best known of the Surat tombs [says Mr. Campbell] was that raised over a jovial Dutch commander, a great drinker, and said to be a relative of the Prince of Orange. At the top was a great cup of stone, and another at each corner. Opposite each cup was the figure of a sugarloaf. Dutch drinking parties used to frequent this tomb, brewing their punch in the large stone basins, "remembering," says Ovington, "their departed companions so much that they sometimes forgot themselves."

The English factors, even in those early days, had a sound knowledge of native character, and knew how to impress the Oriental mind. We are told that, from the very outset, "the President adopted considerable show." When he went into the streets, "besides a noise of trumpets, there was a guard of English

soldiers, consisting of a double file led by a sergeant, a body of forty moormen, and a flagman carrying St. George's colours swallow-tailed in silk fastened to a single partizan." Horses, however, seem to have been expensive luxuries in those days, for the President and his wife were carried in palanquins, and his Council were in "large coaches, drawn by stately oxen."

The sepulchral ruins in the cemetery of Surat, massive and ponderous in their elaborate masonry, are all that is now left to remind the traveller of the pomp and show of former days. The old factors were of the same mind as poor Cleopatra:—

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us.

The most stately monument is that erected over those "most brotherly of brothers, Christopher and Sir George Oxenden." There is no weak affectation or sentimentalism in George Oxenden's tomb; but it is worthy of the man who, with a handful of Europeans, held his factory against the whole Mahratta army. It is forty feet in height and twenty-five in diameter, and includes two domes, with staircases and galleries, supported on massive pillars. It appears from the Latin inscription that the lower dome was first built to commemorate Sir George's brother Christopher, and was surmounted by one to commemorate himself. Christopher's epitaph has too much of the ledger about it to please. It laments his short life, for it was only possible to reckon his days, and not his years, before death required the account. "Do you ask, my masters, what is your profit and loss? You have gained sorrow, but he has lost his life; but *per contra* let him write, 'Death to me is gain.'" We may quote one more from the many quaint epitaphs to be found in the Surat cemetery:—

In memory of Mary Price, wife of William Andrew Price, Esq., Chief for affairs of the British nation and Governor of the Moghul's Castle and Fleet of Surat, who through the spotted veil of the smallpox rendered a pure and unspotted soul to God, expecting but not fearing death, which ended her days April the thirteenth, Anno Domini 1761. *Ætatis sue* 23.

The virtues which in her short life were shown
Have equalled been by few, surpassed by none.

On the whole, though so large a part of this volume contains matter not interesting to the general reader, yet it conveys much information on a subject in which every Englishman must take a pardonable pride. Here we can trace the infantine efforts which were in the course of three centuries to lead to the foundation of a mighty Empire. To the Indian administrator the value of the materials which the volume affords will be considerable, and they can hardly fail to be of interest to those who appreciate the minutiae of historic details.

IS HE POPENJOY?

IF hypocrisy is, according to the old saying, the homage that vice pays to virtue, a good many of the personages in *Is he Popenjoy?* have outlived this stage. Perhaps there really is a society which in its cynicism has arrived at an absolute transparency of candour; but it is a question how far the people who compose it are suited, even in a literary point of view, for fiction. A reader, though he may have had experience of a free-and-easy tone in society, naturally expects more reticence in a book. A book has its own laws to obey. Audacious words are spoken because they die in the utterance, and because something in the hearer suggests or provokes them, and so makes them possible; but in a book a third party is introduced into the most intimate colloquy—namely, the reader—from whom it is impossible to get away. The author ought not to get away from him; the reader cannot get away from the consciousness of having fellow-readers; the interlocutors cannot be invested with the full solitude of the *tête-à-tête*. Thus literature demands something of reserve. In print vice must wear a veil, however thin.

Mr. Trollope's present story reminds us of a copper-plate by a good artist at its last stage. All the finer touches, the tender, subtle gradations are worn out, and strength is supplied by a hardening of the strongest lines. We are among people who in a certain way recall *Barchester Towers*, and pleasant *Barsetshire* circles; but they are defined by very black lines indeed—all the delicacy and nicety of touch is gone. The author used to be fond of his characters; but such lovingness finds no place here. He stands outside and shows a world intent on the world's good things. Some are malignant, some good-natured, but in the greater part a moral sense is wanting. Where it shows itself it is under a form designedly not made attractive. It is the heroine's trial (and a very real one) that, whereas "what suited her was to sit well dressed in a lighted room and have nonsense talked to her," her marriage subjected her to the sole intercourse of four old-maid sisters of her husband's, who possessed his confidence, and to whose manners and pursuits, especially the stitching at petticoats for the poor and going to church twice on the Sunday, he wished his pretty young bride to conform herself. The author justifies the lady's rebellion on the ground that her love of pleasure is innocent, that she is within her rights, and that through it all, and notwithstanding her obstinate resolution to amuse herself in spite of her husband, her feeling for him increases into a real affection, though he is the very opposite of her early ideal. But the reader does not see the likelihood of this growth of tenderness. Lord George is not the person to gather affection about him; in fact, he makes a poor figure throughout, and, as personating a form of virtue, shows a very

* *Is he Popenjoy?* By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall.

low standard, though perhaps as high a one as Mr. Trollope can allow to a scion of nobility. With strict ideas of duty where his wife is concerned, he is mere wax in the hands of the woman he had loved, and who had refused him, marrying a rich man herself and leaving him to make up to the pretty heiress with 30,000*l*. This woman is determined to get him back into her toils; she paints, she is affected, she wears a helmet of hair, but her plain speaking has the effect which the author attributes to all plain speaking—it carries its point, at least so far as to keep him infatuated by her. We are reminded of Mr. Palliser in *Can You Forgive Her?* an admirably drawn character, who transiently succumbs to the cold beauty and passive smile of Lady Dumbello. Lord George—a stiffer, duller, stupider Mr. Palliser—is fascinated in a worse sense, and under circumstances that ought to have turned liking into disgust. He allows her to reflect upon his wife, and to write compromising letters to himself, in which he takes a sneaking satisfaction. He sits with her hand in his while she laments that his poverty prevented her from accepting his proposals; but if he thinks that having married a rich old husband interferes with the old feeling (which the reader knows she never entertained), he is mistaken. And the man likes this sort of thing, and goes home and preaches decorum to his wife. The author evidently thinks that in all this he is showing his knowledge of human nature. It has clearly been a growing persuasion with him that men—it matters not who, all the men whose career it pleases him to describe—are ready to be the easy victims of a designing woman. Happily Lord George has a preference for his wife, such a preference as might have preserved him from this abject posture; so the exhibition only illustrates a general view of human nature.

The course of the heroine is a similar illustration. She, with a liking for Jack, has also that preference for Lord George in which the reader rejoices without being able to sympathize with it. We are quite sure that the young woman who persists in this sort of intercourse, knowing it to be contrary to her husband's wishes, is in a false position. Jack is an amusing dangler, whose candour makes him a favourite with the author, and who has met with his match in Guss, the object of one of his numerous flirtations. These are the days, as he tells the heroine, when the women ask the men to marry them, and the men laugh and refuse. Thus armed by precedent, he obeys a summons from the lady to walk with her one Sunday morning, when all the world was in church or in bed. He had no reason to mistrust himself, having been able to answer previous earnest appeals by the succinct advice "to drop it"; but he did not know the force of feminine resolution. In this interview she begins by reproaching him about the Dean's daughter, the author allowing the name of his heroine to be joined with Jack's in all men's mouths:—

"And what are you going to say to me about her?"

"Nothing at all, Guss."

"She's all the world to you, I suppose?"

"What's the use of your saying that? In one sense she's nothing to me. My belief is that the only man she will ever care a pin about is her husband. At any rate, she does not care for me."

"Nor you for her?"

"Well—yes I do. She's one of my pet friends. There's nobody I like being with better."

"And if she were not married?"

"God knows what might have happened. I might have asked her to have me because she has got money of her own. What's the use of coming back to the old thing, Guss?"

"Money, money, money!"

"Nothing more unfair was ever said to any one. Have I given any signs of selling myself for money? Have I been a fortune-hunter? No one has ever found me guilty of so much prudence. All I can say is that, having found out the way to go to the devil myself, I won't take any young woman I like with me there by marrying her. Heavens and earth! I can fancy myself returning from a wedding-tour with some charmer, like you, without a shilling at my banker's, and beginning life at lodgings somewhere down at Chelsea. Have you no imagination? Can't you see what it would be? Can't you fancy the study sitting-room, with its horse-hair chairs, and the hashed mutton, and the cradle in the corner before long?"

"No, I can't," said Guss.

After a good deal more in this strain she forces him to promise her that, if he ever has twenty thousand pounds, he will marry her:—

"I never shall."

"But will you promise me? If you will not say so much as that to me, you must be false indeed. When you have the twenty thousand pounds will you marry me?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And you can laugh about such a matter when I am pouring out my very soul to you? You can make a joke of it when it is all my life to me! Jack, if you will say that it shall happen some day—some day—I will be happy. If you won't I can only die."

Thus driven into a corner, and feeling secure of never having the twenty thousand pounds, he promises, and leaves the house an engaged man, ruefully looking forward to the letters twice a week which she will be sure to write to him; but not at all so far engrossed by the situation as not to have thoughts for Lady George, which lead him to resolve upon seeing her and judging how far his cousin Adelaide is right or wrong in her axiom that all women are alike. Now Lady George is at this time living at her father's, the Dean's, being temporarily estranged from her husband, who had got up a scene at a ball on seeing his wife dancing rather a romping dance with this identical Jack. These circumstances do not prevent her being extremely glad to see Jack. She invites him to smoke as they sit in the garden, and they enter on delicate subjects. He tells her of his engagement to Guss:—

"I am engaged to her now."

"You are engaged to her!"

"And two days hence I was as free as ever."

"Then I may congratulate you."

"No, no, it makes me miserable. I do not love her. There is one other person I care for, and I never can care for any one else. There is one woman I love, and I really never loved any one else." . . . It was not till the words had passed her mouth and the question had been asked that she felt the indiscretion. "But you love some one else?"

Thus questioned, Jack answers in a way that makes her exclaim "Captain de Baron!" and rise from her seat as though she would leave him and go into the house. However, this severity is soon allayed, and they subside into talk again on gossiping subjects, and when the Dean comes up with the sulky Lord George she throws her arms round his neck—"Dear, dearest George," in the simplest and purest affection. Surely this is a falling-off in every sense. Does Mr. Trollope really think that purity and innocence ever display themselves in this fashion? Is it desirable that young people who read novels should be taught by a novelist of name and repute that this is society, and that these experiences come naturally in the way of a pretty woman?

The character in the book on which the author has bestowed most pains is that of the Dean, Mary's father. It is drawn with vigour, but with a coarse, hard vigour which unpleasantly contrasts with Mr. Trollope's earlier manner. Archdeacon Grantly is worldly; but Dean Lovelace sets himself with a directness of bent towards his aims which is not human in the truest sense. There is a hesitation, a misgiving, interposing at intervals in all human endeavours; but that his daughter should be a Marchioness and his grandson the real Popenjoy, is as fixed an object with the Dean as it is with a beaver to construct a dam. He supports his daughter in her rebellion against authority, because, as it seems, it belongs to marchionesses to be worldly, and to lead society as they choose. On this account he throws over all the conventional teaching of her youth; that sort of thing suited the daughter of a cathedral magnate, but is out of place among great ladies.

There is one odious character pre-eminent in this story. It is lawful to the novelist to have a villain of a purely animal type, and the Marquess, father of the infant Popenjoy, who is to be superseded, is of this kind. Only an aristocracy could have produced such a monster, as only aristocratic surroundings could enable him to carry out the "resolution of his life to live without control" on a gigantic scale. His practised powers of insolence are brought to bear on the Dean in an heroic encounter, each using the weapons most congenial to his nature. The Marquess requests the Dean to call on him, and tells him when they meet that his father was a livery-stable keeper and his daughter what printed words must not define. The Dean follows the instinct of all Mr. Trollope's favourites. He lifts the decrepid Marquess in his arms, half throttles him, and flings him into the empty grate. The insult justified almost anything; but it is difficult to imagine a Church dignitary taking such a step. After all, it is death and not the Dean who removes out of the way the so-called Popenjoy, whom it would have been difficult to displace, and makes way for the grandson to be born in all the honours of the purple. As an instance of Mr. Trollope's new views of the fitnesses and probabilities of social life, he attaches a joke to the smaller hero of the piece which might better have been spared. A certain aunt of the Dean's, Miss Tallowax, as great a lover of rank as herself, whose name indicates the method by which her fortune has been got together, is introduced in the beginning of the story and apparently forgotten by the author until the very end, when she is brought forward again as bribing the new Marquess—the rigid Lord George—to admit her to the honours of sponsorship to the illustrious infant, on the payment of twenty thousand pounds down, providing he is called after her—Tallowax. There was strong objection at first to the proposal, but all scruples were overruled by the Dean; the twenty thousand pounds were important, and all other things were not. How the money came to be so important was through a freak of the wicked Marquess, who, on the amiable ground of having heard Jack's name discredibly associated with that of his brother's wife, had left him all his property not entailed. Thus Jack has the twenty thousand pounds which enables Guss to exact the fulfilment of his promise, which promise he keeps with an unconcealed repugnance.

Such pictures of life cost Mr. Trollope, we suppose, very little trouble, and perhaps he does not expect them to be seriously taken as representing his views. But we are sure that his happier efforts were carried through under a stronger sense of the duties of his calling and of the office and uses of fiction in gifted hands. We regard the present caricature of a corrupt state of society as an instance of the ill effects of over-writing, and of its deadening influence on the finer perceptions. All the temptations of life become only so much material to the mechanical facility of long practice, and what will catch the attention of the least critical readers and keep within the bounds of the easiest conventional decorum becomes the measure of literary merit and social propriety.

LIFE OF DR. JOHN EADIE.*

WE have taken a strong liking to this book, partly by reason of its moderate size, which is adequate to, without exceeding, the relative merits of its subject; but chiefly for the view it affords us of the character of a man who, after his elaborate Biblical works shall have been superseded, and his admiring congre-

* *Life of Dr. John Eadie, LL.D.* By James Brown, D.D., Author of the "Life of a Scottish Probationer." London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

gations and loving pupils shall have passed away, ought to be long remembered as a representative Scotchman of the nobler type. Like so many of his countrymen who have risen to honour by their learning, John Eadie was of humble birth. He was no minister's or prosperous merchant's son, but sprang from the marriage of "a village beauty who had just passed her flower" with an old man well over seventy, who was by calling a "highwayman"—which, being interpreted, is a quarry worker, a petty contractor for repairing the country roads. He was born in 1810 at Alva, a village at the southern foot of the Ochil Hills, in a detached nook of the county of Stirling, the very heart and battle-field of Scotland. His parents, dissimilar in everything else, were moreover of different religious denominations, though both rigid Dissenters from the Established Kirk; the father belonging to the Relief communion, which deemed it possible that there were other Christians in the world besides themselves, the mother to the straiter sect of the Secession or Antiburghers, who were wont to excommunicate such of their members as were occasional hearers at other meeting-houses than their own. John Eadie claved to his mother's side, persuaded, as he tells us, by the dinner of bread and cheese wherewith she sustained a long Sabbath walk to her chosen conventicle, but also, perhaps, by the influence exercised over him through the force of her more gentle and more intellectual temperament. The old man lingered on to the age of eighty-six, growing poorer every year he lived; the young wife bore up in a hopeful spirit, happy in the promise of her only surviving child, whose native love of fun at seasons which she deemed unsuitable used to tempt her to call him "a causeway saint and a hoose deil"—the latter epithet, as his biographer pleads, seeming rather stronger than his home peccadilloes merited. In any other country than Scotland, early in the present century, such a lot in life could have led to no higher condition than that of an intelligent peasant; but, whatever else Knox's reformation may have done for the Northern Kingdom, it brought "the humanities" close to the door of every cottage in the land, and the master of the parish school of Alva then and for fifty years later was Mr. John Riddock, whose obscure diligence deserves to be had in grateful remembrance. While John Eadie was still spelling out his English, his teacher overheard him one day declining *Tres, Tria, Trium*, and forthwith advanced him to the classical department, wherein the only other pupils were his own son and daughter. Where the love of learning and the aptitude for acquiring it are so powerful as in Eadie's case, a fair and early start is all that is needed. From Alva school he passed on to a more pretentious one at Tillicoultry, a few miles off, kept by Archibald Browning, the minister of his poor mother's Secession congregation, another self-made scholar, who had endured many a hardship on the toilsome road upwards. This Browning was a very Orbilius or Busby for discipline, but his mode of teaching was singularly minute and exhaustive, as became one who himself had traversed the whole course of study without a guide. And now the lad's real education began; a powerful and retentive memory made everything that fell in his way his own, and his daily pilgrimage of three rough miles is thus described by Dr. Brown:—

In all weathers—fair and foul—in winter and in summer, he ungrudgingly made the journey, having been seized, under the influence of his able teacher, with that enthusiasm for learning which never left him, but which then, as always, he was able to conceal under a manner which to a casual observer betokened indifference. On winter mornings he had to start before daybreak, but he provided himself with a blazing tarred rope which he carried in one hand, while his copy of *Paradise Lost* was in the other. It seems to me that there is hardly a finer picture in literary history than that of the quarrier's son—destined to raise himself to a foremost place among the scholars and divines of his native country—finding his way along the foot of the Ochils in the dark of the winter mornings, made darker by the shadow of the hills and of the overhanging trees of Alva woods, reading Milton's great epic in the light of a blazing tarred rope. Nor was it a careless reading, serving only to shorten the long winter walk. The poem was so read that it fixed itself in the memory of the boy, and for many years he was able to repeat it line by line and book by book from beginning to end.

Young Eadie's struggles were sharp, but exceptionally short; before he was five-and-twenty he had made good his claim to the position he occupied and adorned for the rest of his life. While he was far too true a man to be ashamed of his early poverty, "he did not boast of it, as some successful men are apt to do, but only referred to any incident illustrative of it when there was in the incident an element of humour to make it worth the telling." Some of these anecdotes, as recorded in the *Life*, look to outsiders rather grim than humorous, yet, chiefly by the friendly help of his good schoolmaster the Seceder, he was enabled to enter the University of Glasgow at sixteen, doubtless fighting his way, like many a student before and since, by the labours of the hands or brain during the over-long academical vacations. For mathematics he had no head whatever; his wonderful memory enabled him to pass in Euclid by learning the elements by rote; but had the examiners changed the letters in the diagrams, he would have been simply nowhere. For metaphysics, then more than now the speciality of Scottish study, he cared not overmuch; his intellect was clear, rather than deep or subtle. Latin, so far as it could be learnt in Scotland, he did his utmost to master, and is said to have known by heart all the great poets in the language; with Greek he was less exactly acquainted, though in his later writings, through his constant study of German hermeneutics, he came to touch upon grammatical niceties, and would talk about tertiary predicates and the like. His great passion in youth was for general reading, and here he was omnivorous, nothing coming amiss to him, and all that he read being stored up in his faithful memory, assimilated by steady thinking, and communicated with humorous

frankness and ready fluency of speech. The broad Doric of his native country clung to him throughout every change of place and fortune; it seemed, indeed, to be an inseparable part of his nature, and if, not unmingled with a little thickness of utterance, it rendered him somewhat shy of speaking among strangers, it gave raciness and individuality to his style as a preacher among those who were familiar with it. Add to this, what is no small advantage to any public man, a handsome person inherited from his mother, a fine face beaming with cheerful sensibility, a frame so large, though not ungainly, that he literally filled a pulpit. When he was in America in 1873, and found that, thanks to pirated editions, his Biblical labours were better known there than at home, in the midst of a general recognition which was not quite welcome for this and other reasons, the Moderator of one of the Assemblies he was commissioned to attend "referred to my works, and added that now, when they had seen me, they would have more confidence in me; for, as they said, I was not a man to be easily carried about with every wind of doctrine; and this saying brought down the house tremendously."

It had long been his mother's one desire, amidst the anxieties of poverty and failing health, to live to see her son a minister. Her wish was so far gratified that she survived just one day after he had preached his first sermon; when afterwards he came to honour, neither father nor mother knew of it. But he never forsook the narrow fold of his childhood. The large-hearted student would utter no word of disparagement against the dogmas of the Secession in which he had been trained (their body began to call itself U.P.—that is, United Presbyterian—in 1820, on making up some paltry schism which had been outstanding since 1747); but his robust common sense and genial disposition effectually hindered him from imbibing or propagating a spirit of bigotry or intolerance, though he remained to the last a determined foe of Church establishments, and as fervid a Liberal in politics as when, almost a boy, he had hailed the Reform Bill of 1832 with a sort of unreasoning joy. The rest of the story of his happy, yet uneventful, life will not detain us long. Admitted as a probationer in 1835, he was called only three months later to the charge of a new church and congregation in Cambridge Street, Glasgow, the place wherein his remaining days were spent. With a part of his old congregation he migrated westward with the growing city to Lansdowne on the Kelvin in 1862, where his people built him a beautiful church—"a cruciform building of the thirteenth century, with a spire rising to the height of 218 feet"—of which he was so proud that only a few weeks before his death he sent a photograph of it to one of his English colleagues on the New Testament Revision Company with the suggestive annotation, "My schism shop." And well indeed he might be proud of the attachment of those who had been growing up around him during those forty years, prospering in their Northern Tyne on the once fair waters of the Clyde. It may serve, however, to show us what the voluntary system amounts to, under circumstances which might seem most favourable, when we learn that 12,500*l.* having been spent on the building, it took twelve years to clear off the debt; while the minister's stipend, which was 200*l.* for the first nine years, never exceeded 500*l.*, until in 1873, in the zenith of his popularity, it was raised to 700*l.*

But it is chiefly as a writer on theological subjects that Dr. Eadie will be remembered. His mother's lessons had given his mind a strong bent to the study of the Scriptures, and in 1843 (after having well supplied some casual vacancies as early as 1838) he was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in the Secession Hall, wherein persons of his own denomination were trained for the work. The choice was amply justified by its results. Few instructors have ever secured better than he the veneration and love of pupils, and the necessity which his duties involved of minutely weighing every clause of the New Testament rendered his later publications what they are to diligent and devoted students. In 1844 his own University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and in 1850 he was made D.D. by that of St. Andrew's. Meanwhile the Professor was busy in his study as well as in his class and parish. Some of the literary works he undertook at this period were doubtless of the character of *pot-boilers*, if we may borrow a phrase from a sister art; others were labours of love, such as hardly aimed at speedy recognition, though they obtained it sooner than he probably looked for. His *opus magnum* is "The English Bible," which was fully noticed in our columns a year ago, and was scarcely published at the time of his sudden death. Although written in his later years, when his mind was at its best, the materials must have been gradually accumulated by the persevering research of half a lifetime. His exegetical commentaries on the Epistles to the Ephesians (1854), to the Colossians (1856), to the Philippians (1859), to the Galatians (1869), and, we hope we may add, a posthumous volume on that to the Thessalonians, have been highly valued by general readers and preachers, for whose use they are especially adapted. If compared with editions so exhaustive and full of original matter as, for example, Canon Lightfoot's work on the Colossians (1875), the exposition of our Scottish divine could not stand for a moment; and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who in earlier years had painfully trodden the same ground, was candid enough to express to the author an opinion which could not fail to give him some concern, however kindly intended:—"I do not think the grammatical portion of the Commentary [on the Ephesians] is by any means so well executed as the exegetical." "Dr. Eadie," says his

biographer, "seems to be conscious that there is some measure of justice in the criticism; for, while refusing to acquiesce in many of the corrections made by his friendly censor, he yet reminds him 'that in Scotland every Greek scholar is, and must be, self-taught, since at our Northern Universities we get little Latin and less Greek, and enjoy no leisurely Fellowships.' But to account, however well, for patent defects, only excuses without in any way removing them.

He was twice married; his first wife, having been wooed and won while he was yet a divinity student, was claimed in 1836, as soon as he had a home to take her to. He was wont to say of himself that he dearly loved three B's—"bairns, books, and birdies." Of bairns he had five by his first wife, who died in 1855, and he waited until the two daughters who alone had survived infancy were well married, and until (as he puts the case) he "had a hat which covered his whole family," before he took for his second wife, in 1862, the honoured lady who now mourns his loss. His passion for books was chiefly indulged in buying works which served to advance his special studies; he had but a basketful to take to his first home, but before he died his collection of English Bibles was unique and almost complete, so well had he watched his opportunities and sacrificed all other luxuries for this one. The liberality of a member of his flock, who purchased it of his widow for 2,000*l.*, has kept his library together for the benefit of students of the U. P. Communion. His feathered friends also Dr. Eadie loved early and loved well. He began to form a collection of birds from his childhood, and every house he occupied looked like an aviary:—

Nowhere was he better known than in the bird shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow. When he travelled to and from his classes in Edinburgh, those who met him used to remark that he often carried a little brown paper bag, pierced with air-holes. It contained some songster which he had picked up during the spare hour between the close of his lecture and the starting of the train. When he went to the country to open a church or assist at a sacrament in spring or early summer, his first inquiry of the children in the manse was as to the birds' nests they had found in the garden. He would ask to see them, and when all that had been discovered had been shown, he would begin to search for more, and to the astonishment of the youngsters, who thought their search had been exhaustive, would bring to light many, of the existence of which they had never dreamed. The Alva boy had studied the habits of birds so carefully that he knew, as if by instinct, where to find the nests of each species.

Dr. Eadie's cheerful and innocent career had three several episodes, on each of which his biographer expends a separate chapter. That devoted to his visit to the United States and Canada on deputation in 1873 has small interest for prelatelical Southrons, nor do we learn much that is fresh from his earlier journey to the East in 1870. It is a little too late at sixty years of age to assume the character of the bearded sheikh, and to be hoisted up the great Pyramid to Arab shouts of "Big man," "Strong man," "Good man," "Soon at top," "Hurrah!" (p. 257); yet we like to know the impressions made upon one who had lived in thought amidst the scenes of sacred history from his boyhood, and who scrupulously looked into his own books every evening to compare his descriptions with the realities around him—not always, we should judge, to the advantage of the former. His Covenantant's scorn for ecclesiastical history gave the traditional sites of Palestine no chance with him. He thought Serbal the most magnificent hill he ever saw, and vainly tried to persuade himself that it was the true Sinai. After crossing the dismal wilderness of the Tih, the spring verdure of the Philistine territory filled him with joy, and Shechem, nay even the Dead Sea, was lovely to him. But Jerusalem was disgusting to more of his senses than one, although he does not echo the cry of Cook's travellers that everything there is on a dwarfish scale. On the contrary, Zion ("the hill so called," as he puts the matter) was found to be of greater size than he anticipated, and the immense area inclosed about the mosque of Omar, "on some part of which the Temple must have been situated," absolutely surprised him. But there is little valuable in all this, except that it affords us a means of gauging the traveller's capacity or of indicating his tastes. The chapter which describes his work on the New Testament Revision Company will probably find more attentive readers, although we have left ourselves no space for dwelling upon it. One point, however, we cannot pass by. When this eloquent popular preacher and copious lecturer on Scripture found himself in the Jerusalem Chamber, surrounded by colleagues of widely different experience and intellectual habits from his own, he was struck dumb. He always prepared his matter conscientiously, and voted consistently and with intelligence; but during the space of six years (1870-6) he never spoke but twice, reserving his pithy comments on the passing debate, and his not rarely whispered suggestions, for those who sat next to him, by whom they were sometimes conveyed, in his name, to the whole party (p. 346). His biographer attributes this strange peculiarity to a certain nativeship which all his intercourse with men had failed to overcome. Perhaps, too, a consciousness that his broad Scotch dialect was not readily understood by Englishmen, and a fear of false quantities in his Greek or Latin, may have contributed something to the result.

During the early part of 1876 his health was breaking fast. He went down to his native county, and tried change of scene, and rejoiced in the wood-notes of his beloved birds, and kept his last birthday (May 9th), about Dunblane; but the stalwart frame was now wasting, and the strong man visibly bowed down. On his return to Glasgow, he succumbed (June 2) to a sharp and brief attack of congestion of the lungs; "quite willing," as he said, to depart; his last words being appropriate

enough to one who had done good work and faithful:—"Ay, I am very weary—I'll try to sleep now." According to the dates actually given in this volume, he ought to have been in his sixty-seventh year; but we believe he was three years younger, and he looked it. Dr. Brown has done his part admirably, and in excellent taste; and all who venerate his friend's memory will be thankful for his labours. But why send out such a book without an index?

FERGUSON'S TEMPLES OF THE JEWS.*

(Second Notice.)

WHAT confessedly forms the essential character of Mr. Fergusson's Temple theory is that it hangs together as one harmonious and homogeneous whole. It must stand or fall in its integrity. Like the toughened glass we have lately seen introduced, with but the slightest fracture at any point it flies into infinitesimal atoms. Upon his estimate of spaces as determining the position of the Temple enlarged by Herod Mr. Fergusson takes his stand as the foundation of the entire scheme. If this space was either greater or smaller than that here laid down, or occupied any other portion of the Haram area, the whole argument, he frankly allows, falls to the ground. He begs a point, by the way, and might thereby easily mislead the unwary reader, by referring to the Ordnance Survey in terms which seem to imply the sanction of that official and unbiassed authority for some of the most important of his measurements. He has first, for instance, fixed, as we have seen in a former article, the site of the altar in a straight line drawn north and south through the middle of the Huldah Gate. Thus far all are agreed with him, for the simple reason that, strange as the coincidence may seem, the same line passes through the Sakhra. With equal precision, Mr. Fergusson goes on to say, the outer face of the eastern wall of the Temple can be set down. "The distance between these two on the Ordnance Survey is 155 or 156 cubits." The scale, we need hardly say, of this Survey is given in English feet, not in cubits; and the cubit length arrived at by Captain Warren, R.E., following up the work of the Survey for the Palestine Exploration Fund, is not 18 inches, which is indispensable to Mr. Fergusson's theory, but 21. Nor do we see in what way the authority of the Survey is to be quoted for any eastern wall, seeing that the entire staff of the Survey are dead against placing the Temple here, making the Sakhra the datum point of the Temple system. The dimensions of the Temple platform, which they identify with the Dome of the Rock, are distinctly indicated in the reduced map in Captain Warren's book, the southern wall stretching eastwards from the Gate of the Chain in the line of Wilson's arch, to a point 375 feet from the eastern wall of the Haram, and nearly 600 feet from the southern wall. It is Captain Warren's view, in which Count de Vogüé concurs, that by the causeway represented by Wilson's arch access was had from across the Tyropœon Valley to the southern arcade or porch of the Temple, alike in Solomon's time and Herod's. How can Mr. Fergusson say that "all are agreed that the south-west angle of the Haram area is identical with the south-west angle of the Temple?" Out of sixteen conjectural plans of the Haram plateau brought together into a single sheet by Dr. Carl Zimmermann, that of Mr. Thrupp is the only one which in this point agrees with Mr. Fergusson. True, at that corner stand the remains known as Robinson's arch, "which was undoubtedly a means of access from the city to the Temple." One way of access all allow it to have been, but it must have been by no less common consent a roundabout one, leading as it did, in Herod's time at least, directly to the great Stoa, and thence northwards to the Temple courts. Mr. Fergusson further asserts that the Ordnance Survey also "indicates the position of the northern boundary, though not with the same absolute certainty." We fail to see that the Ordnance map speaks upon this point at all. To do so would be to prove false to the principles which were laid down for the guidance of the official staff, and to which they have, as far as we have observed, rigidly adhered. The design of the Survey was not to settle speculative points of archæology, but to lay down with precision the natural features and contours of the ground, together with the walls, watercourses, substructures, and other remains of ancient workmanship actually existing. The value of the map lies in the faithfulness and impartiality of these indications; and in them, combined with the Scriptural and historical evidences that lie open to all, we have all the materials we are likely to get until direct excavation is by some fortunate chance found permissible within the Haram precincts.

The broad facts decisive of the battle of the holy sites are, we think, to be made out from the authentic materials thus brought together, to an extent which to all but one man in the world must appear conclusive. The southern and western angles of the Haram plateau have been shown to bear testimony, in the massive masonry of the inclosing wall, to an antiquity not less than the time of Solomon. From each angle the wall of similar solid stonework is traced northwards, extending along the western face beyond the arch known as Wilson's, north of the present Jews' Wailing Place. On the eastern face, with the exception of a limited space including what is called the Golden Gateway, it extends the whole length of 1,530 feet to the Birket Israel. Overthrown and ruined as it is in parts through the effects of the siege

* *The Temples of the Jews, and the other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem.* By James Fergusson, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., V.P.R.A.S., &c. London: John Murray. 1878.

and the hand of time, this noble wall cannot be thought, as a whole, of less antiquity than the reign of Herod. It lets us see to a certainty what extent of area was inclosed within walls and gates at the date of the Crucifixion. Now there was no point of ceremonial law more imperatively fixed among the Jews than that no burial was to be permitted within the walls of a city. Nor could a malefactor suffer death within any such inclosed area. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews grounds a forcible appeal upon a point most familiar and cogent with his countrymen when he urges that Jesus "suffered without the gate" (Hebr. xiii. 12). The place where he was crucified, we learn from St. John, was "nigh to (i.e. outside) the city," and in the same place was the garden where he was buried (John xix. 41). From its being named Golgotha we may infer that this was a neglected place where skulls and other human remains lay about, which could hardly be tolerated in any frequented area by people so decorous in feeling towards the dead. Now the site of the present Sakhra is, by Mr. Fergusson's own measurement, just 115 feet from where he places the northern face of the Temple enclosure, not 500 feet from the very Holy of Holies. Yet here he would make it possible for a malefactor to be executed and buried. We have for years followed Mr. Fergusson's theory thus far with the impression that the force of paradox could not further go. But he has reserved for us a surprise in the present volume which fairly takes away our breath. This selfsame malefactor's grave, now covered by the Dome of the Rock, had served beforehand for the burial-place of Solomon and of David! Had all traditional knowledge of the sepulchres of the kings, we ask, so utterly faded away from the minds of the people or the priesthood—albeit St. Peter speaks of the place of David's burial being well known (Acts ii. 29)—that the tomb of the most august of the regal line, the designer and the builder of the Temple, could be allowed to receive the body of a malefactor, and the interment allowed to go on within little more than 100 feet from the Temple wall?

Mr. Fergusson makes much of a local tradition which gives the name of Solomon's tomb to a spot under the Dome of the Rock, on the north side of the Sakhra, and set down as such in the Ordnance Survey. But this is precisely one of the numberless idle and worthless bits of legendary topography current about the holy sites. Our author finds it to his purpose elsewhere to urge how, "in the illiterate East, memory soon fades, and the growth of tradition is much more rapid than in the sober West." But, he reasons, strengthening himself upon this rickety piece of tradition, "If the sepulchre of Solomon is found here, *a fortiori* we ought to expect that of David also." The Bible, however, explicitly says that David was buried "in the city of David," which we are expressly told was on Mount Zion. Exactly so, says Mr. Fergusson. Here was the true and original site of the city of David, or Zion. "All this was so well known that it became indispensable, when the name Zion was in Christian times transferred to the western hill, that the sepulchre should go there also." But, we reply, we have to do with pre-Christian times, and with what Mr. Fergusson calls upon us to accept, that "Christ was laid in this cemetery, probably in this very rock where David and Solomon had lain before." In some mysterious way, or rather by some insidious and wicked conspiracy, public belief got changed, and the western hill was erroneously set up as the site of Zion, the tombs of course going therewith; though this change—a point all-important to Mr. Fergusson's theory—did not take place till after the time of Constantine, who had a correct knowledge of the holy sites:—

It is not only curious but interesting to observe by what a strange stroke of the irony of fate—though one singularly characteristic of the place—the two principal tombs of Jerusalem—those of David and of Christ—should both, after existing for centuries on the eastern hill, have been transferred to the western, where they are now supposed to exist. It does not, however, seem difficult to perceive how the transfer of the first took place. It was simply that when the Christians first became aware that the eastern hill was the scene of the ministration and passion of their founder, with that hatred of Jewish tradition and localities which characterised all they did at Jerusalem, they determined to clear as far as possible their holy places from all connexion with those of the previous dispensation. The Temple and its ruins they could not displace, but by calling the western hill Zion they got rid of the sepulchres of the kings, and of all the associations that made that name so sweet and musical to Jewish ears, and left the new Jerusalem as far as possible dissociated from the old. It was not then, however, nor probably till long afterwards—most likely in Moslem times—that this change of name led to its logical sequence, and a new tomb of David was erected on the new Zion, because every one who had access to the ancient scriptures of the Jews knew that David was buried on Zion, which was identical with the city of David.

How and when the veneration of Christians, Mahometans, and Jews got transferred back to the Noble Sanctuary we get not an inkling from Mr. Fergusson. Something might have been made out of the so-called Solomon's tomb within the Dome, though this, unfortunately for the theory, lies quite away from the Sakhra itself. Why, moreover, when Solomon was brought back, was David left behind? And how is it that not the faintest recollection of the first of the Jewish kings has lingered about his original place of burial, if, indeed, his name was at any time associated with this site? Great stress is laid by Mr. Fergusson upon the exact accordance of his scheme, and his alone, with the text of Scripture. How is it, then, that we find St. Matthew speaking of Joseph's "own new tomb," and St. Luke of it as one wherein "never man was laid"? The reverence now paid to the Sakhra has prevented any thorough exploration of its recesses. But the zeal and energy of the surveying officers has gone so far as to trace, Sir H. James tells us in his preface, a passage which "leads to a

drain down to the valley of the Kedron." What use or object can such a passage have had in connexion with a grave, whether that of Solomon or of Christ? Are we to conceive it made before or after the entombment? What more natural and appropriate, on the other hand, if we regard it as a duct in connexion with the altar, to carry away the blood of the offerings or the waste water from the lustrations and ceremonial washings? So eager is Mr. Fergusson after every possible identification of Bible sites and occasions, and so prone is he to be caught by the most superficial literal coincidence, that, in assigning a place in his reconstructed Temple for the large upper room of Josephus and the Middoth, we wonder he has not placed here the *cenaculum* or room of the Last Supper—under the virtual sanction, as in the case of the interment, of the priesthood, the official guardians of the Temple. It is comparatively easy to identify the place where the Sanhedrim sat who condemned Christ with the room Gazith at the southern end of the Court of the Women, the Gabbatha or pavement with the inner courtyard of the Antonia (in settling the site of which our author again differs from most other authorities), and the circular pillar now standing in what Captain Warren calls the Masonic Hall with that to which the Saviour was traditionally tied to be scourged. With all his proper scorn at times for the mass of contradictory fables which tradition—Jewish and Christian equally—has built up regarding the holy sites and scenes, it falls in with his purpose here to plead that "traditions of this kind are of the utmost importance as local indications connecting together places that, without their evidence, we might fancy far asunder." He even makes much of a fanciful line drawn at right angles from a point midway between the utterly apocryphal tombs of St. James and Zacharias on the western slope of the Mount of Olives, which, being prolonged, exactly cuts the altar, as placed in his plan.

Can we suppose Constantine to have gone wrong in his verification of the holy sites, having to his hand not merely the floating traditions of centuries, but the official records or memoirs of the province? With Mr. Fergusson, we throw not. Nor can Eusebius, we agree with him, have been wrong in what he says of the devout Emperor's discovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Only passing by the passages which Mr. Fergusson either misconstrues or wrenches from their proper context, we take our stand upon the clear statement of the historian that over the spot where Constantine sought for the sacred tomb the pagans had built a Temple of Venus. This the Emperor ordered to be cleared away, and "the ground itself was dug up to a considerable depth, when the venerable and hallowed monument of our Saviour's resurrection was discovered" (*Vit. Const.* iii. 27, 28). Over this spot the Emperor proceeded to erect the building upon the richness and magnificence of which the historian dwells in glowing detail. Where is there, we ask, any indication of a Temple of Venus having covered the Sakhra, and how could there have been upon the native rocky summit ground needing to be dug up "to a considerable depth"? The whole description applies emphatically to the accepted site of the Sepulchre, and is anyhow fatal to Mr. Fergusson's hypothesis. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, says the Paschal Chronicle, was burnt by the Persians in the year 614 A.D. Much of the rich materials of this and the other magnificent structures of Constantine may well have been worked into the structure of the Dome of the Rock, in which the capitals of the twelve columns supporting the drum show every one a different pattern, and in which no one will dispute Mr. Fergusson's identification of many architectural features of the fourth century. Greek architects may, of course, have been employed by Abd-el-Malek, the reputed builder, as Italian artists were employed in the erection of the Taj Mahal at Agra. The existing Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we need hardly remind our readers, is the third or fourth that has stood upon the sacred site, after successive demolitions. Not much trace of the design of Constantine is to be looked for there. That architecture cannot deceive is a dictum of Mr. Fergusson's to which we accede, with the proviso that its voice be rightly interpreted. Prejudice and fancy should alike be hushed when she has to speak. How much of the first of these tempers has been imported into the present inquiry may, we think, be seen in the way in which the plainest facts and authorities have been set aside. What scope has been given to sheer fancy is sufficiently shown in the restoration of the Temple of Herod, put forward with so much confidence and pride by Mr. Fergusson. To run up a façade after the approved model of a modern railway hotel, with details from Persepolis or Nineveh, or the Syrian churches made known to us by De Vogüé, seems more fitting as a speculative task for the architectural student than as the sober result of historical and archaeological criticism. In his design for the propylon, or vine-bearing screen in front of Herod's Temple, and his suggestion of its perpetuating the arrangement of the mysterious pillars Jachin and Boaz—fanciful as it may be thought to give it the Indian name of *Toran*, and to take for its basis his favourite Sanchi rail—Mr. Fergusson carries us more contentedly with him. In describing this screen as being "partly in wood and partly in stone," it can only be by accident that he omits to name bronze for the material of the vine—"golden" i.e. gilt—which Josephus and the Talmud tell us was spread out across the gateway, and which may fairly be surmised to have been that given by Aristobulus to Pompey, its place having been filled by that which Tacitus says caused it to be believed that the Temple was dedicated to Bacchus.

We would gladly have gone more at length into our author's treatment of the Golden Gateway, the arcade lately brought to

light on the northern slope of the Sanctuary platform, and other points of scarcely less importance to Mr. Fergusson's scheme. Our space has restricted us in the main to exposing what we cannot but condemn as the central fallacy which nullifies so much of the substantial merits of a work elaborated with abundant enthusiasm, pains, and skill.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

IT has been well said that the self-taught man has the disadvantage of having a very ignorant teacher, yet none but a self-taught man is ever thoroughly satisfied with the way in which he has been taught. Indeed there are few points on which both men and women are so much agreed as in condemning the systems in which they have been severally educated. Some blame the teachers, others blame the school-books. But, as it is perfectly clear that there can be no machinery of education without teachers and school-books of some sort, vigorous efforts are being made in different directions to reform them both. On the one hand, schemes have been set on foot for training teachers who shall substitute lectures for lessons, and do away with school books altogether, thus entailing on the unfortunate children what used to be deemed an awful punishment—the disgusting drudgery of writing out their lessons daily. On the other hand, the need of lesson books being fully acknowledged, efforts are being made to put life even into such very dry bones as text-books of grammar and geography. Some of these efforts, embodied in their latest form of primers and manuals, are now before us.

The first thing that strikes us is that nearly all these primers and manuals seem to have been written with an eye to coaching for examinations. Taking up the elementary geography book which stands first on our list, we find that it is "competitive," and that its author has already produced the *Civil Service Arithmetic*. Now, as arithmetic is one and the same all the world over, this must mean a book containing just arithmetic enough to get would-be Civil Servants past those heads of Cerberus who in the shape of examiners guard the portal of the Civil Service. However, Mr. Johnston's geography book contains geography enough to puzzle even examiners, provided the students can only transfer the contents of its pages to their own brains. Heretofore geography has been too much left to look out for itself. It has been taken for granted that it could be picked up along with history. Its value as a separate branch of study is, however, beginning to be more fully recognized. Only the other day we heard a lady declare that she was in quest of a teacher to instruct her daughters in geography according to "all the new methods." This at least showed zeal, if it was not a zeal according unto knowledge. The author of the *Competitive Geography* is not so ambitious. One method, he wisely considers, is all that is likely to prove to the use of edifying, and in that method we see nothing that savours of novelty. Mr. Johnston treats of the surface of the earth as divided into its political sections, enumerating the usual complement of towns, mountains, rivers, and so on, to be found in each, giving the populations of the towns with scrupulous exactness. The elements of physical geography are clearly and simply stated in the Introduction. In spite of all the plausible talk about the impossibility of making children remember what they are taught unless the teacher turns himself into a sort of mountebank, continually devising a new way of making his lesson attractive, there is much to be said in favour of the self-discipline imposed by the old-fashioned way, which required the learner to exert his brain as well as the teacher. And, although it is the fashion now to say that learning the names of places is not geography, it is still not the less true that there can be no geography without the names of places, and the boy who can learn these names in the old-fashioned way from the pages of a text-book has this advantage over the boy who has them talked at him—that he learns at the same time how to spell them correctly and to read them easily. Mr. Johnston's compendium may fairly rank with the better sort of these text-books, for it is accurate and concise, and contains much noteworthy information concerning the manufactures and commerce of the chief centres of trade in each country.

If Mr. Stewart's "English Examiner," in the series of *Examination Manuals*, is a fair sample of the tools that find favour among "coaches," examinations will soon be as great a farce in this country as they have become with our neighbours across the Channel. This is a cram-book containing questions and answers on history, geography, and arithmetic jumbled together with a total disregard of all sequence of time or connexion of sense. Taking one page at random, we find that the person examined is there required to tell how long it would take him to read through the New Testament at the rate of so many verses daily, to name the noble person who went by the name

of "Farmer George," and to say who, "forty-one years before the building of Adrian's Wall, had built two lines of forts there." Where there may be he can only guess, as there is no hint given in the question as to the geographical position of the said wall. But the Examiner is as shaky in his history as in his grammar, and betrays himself in his questions as well as in his answers. Thus he asks:—"What Englishman led a crusade against the Albigenses in the South of France, 1210?" and answers—"Simon de Montfort"; and thus, in the small space of three lines, contrives to make three blunders. First, by the use of the word *Englishman*, showing that he has mixed up the crusader with his son, the victor at Lewes; secondly, by showing that he believes that son to have been an Englishman; thirdly, by showing that he believes Albi, at the date given, to have been part of France. And surely there is something suggestive of a bull in asking "What relation was the *Young Pretender* to James II.?" and answering, "His grandson." If "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was James's grandson, he certainly was not a *Pretender*. To speak of Charles Edward Stewart as the "Young Pretender," implying a belief in the ridiculous story current concerning his father's brother, and in the same breath to give the lie to that story, is what surely none but an Irishman would do. We are glad to note many other faults in the "English Examiner"; for, if its object be, as we suspect it is, to substitute cram for study, the cram is of such a very poor sort that those who trust to it will find that they have only a broken reed to lean on. It is owing to books of this class that there are so many young men to be met with who somehow have not passed their examinations, whether civil or military, and cannot make out how it is, as they know they answered every question on the paper set them.

The next of the *Examination Manuals*—*The Memory Work of the English Grammar*—is a book of so different a stamp that it is hard to guess how it came into such bad company. The name of its author, Dr. Latham, is so well known in connexion with its subject as to vouch for the accuracy of its contents. It is, however, a pity that the information to be found in its pages is not clothed in simpler words. Surely a treatise on the English language ought at least to be written in English words, without the aid of such puzzling polysyllables as "collocation," "obsolescence," and others of a like sort. There is no attempt at cram here. The "Memory Work" is simply a short abstract of parts of the same author's book on the English language, and treats more of the history and derivation of English words than of English grammar as vulgarly understood—that is to say, the rules that regulate the arrangement of words into sentences.

These rules form the subject of *An Elementary English Grammar and Exercise Book* issued by the Clarendon Press. Those old-fashioned folk who have learnt from Lindley Murray and Lennie to believe in nine parts of speech will find that these are as apocryphal as a cat's nine lives, and that the parts of speech are now but four—nouns, pronouns, verbs, and particles. Articles have been turned out of court long ago, and now we find adjectives going after them. To class the articles, definite and indefinite, as pronouns seems to us erroneous and confusing. It would be much simpler were all grammarians agreed to call no word a pronoun unless it represents a noun, and to call all words that qualify nouns adjectives. Simplicity, however, is not the most marked characteristic of this elementary grammar. Some of its definitions we venture to quarrel with. Thus is it correct to say, "Cardinal numerals are adjectives, answering the question, 'How many?'" Might the question not be quite as well answered by saying a few, a pair, a multitude, as by saying six, two, or a thousand? We should like Mr. Tancock to tell us whether these words so used become cardinal numerals. "A" he has already disposed of by classing it as a pronoun. Yet we cannot recall an instance of that article doing duty for a noun, save the familiar lines which tell us that "A was an archer and shot at a frog." Then, though we are delighted to hear that "a sentence is a word, or a combination of words, expressing a thought or judgment," as by this means all the books containing neither thought nor judgment are swept out of the region of grammar at once, still we cannot succeed in making up a satisfactory sentence consisting of one word only. Mr. Tancock is not happy in his definitions. To give currency to the mistaken notion that "gender depends on the natural distinction of sex in the thing of which the noun is the name" is unworthy of any book coming from the press of a University which makes the study of languages its boast; since this old-fashioned and mistaken notion of confusing sex and gender adds another to the many stumbling-blocks which beset the way of Englishmen in their efforts to express themselves intelligibly in any language but their own.

The *English Grammar Exercises* is one of the series of primers edited by Mr. J. R. Green, and is intended to serve as a companion or supplement to the *Primer of English Grammar* which was published three years ago. As its name implies, it is merely a collection of selected sentences suitable for analysis; and, after all, grammatical analysis, or parsing, as it used to be called, is the only way of coming to a right understanding of the rules of grammar. In a short preface which precedes the Exercises there are some excellent remarks on the use and practice of teaching grammar, laying great stress on the principle hitherto disregarded—to wit, that each part of speech should be treated as far as possible as forming a part of a sentence, and not as an isolated word. The very transparent fiction that grammar teaches the art of speaking and writing correctly, which is the keynote of most books on the subject, the authors expose by pointing out that, like the rules of any other science, rules of grammar can only show what is wrong,

* *The Competitive Elementary Geography*. By R. Johnston. Longmans & Co.

Stewart's Examination Manuals. London: W. F. Jack.

An Elementary English Grammar. By the Rev. O. W. Tancock, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

English Grammar Exercises. By the Rev. Richard Morris, M.A., LL.D., and H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

Essentials in History and Literature. By the Rev. D. Gallery. Dublin: Gill & Son.

Cameos from English History. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: Macmillan & Co.

and that practice and imitation of good models can alone give the power of doing what is right. Teachers will find in these exercises an abundant supply of sentences and phrases to use in illustration of the rules given in the Primer; and if they are used as the compilers suggest, they ought to prove the fallacy of the dangerous doctrine that grammar is a science which children cannot possibly understand.

The bright shamrock-leaf hue of Father Gallery's Handbook suggests so unmistakably the "Wearing of the Green," that we are not surprised to find the party colour as conspicuous within as without the cover. In choosing the *Essentials in History and Literature* Father Gallery is true alike to his country and to his faith; but he does not forget that he was an Irishman before he was a Jesuit. The history of Rome may be compressed into one page, but the history of Ireland must have two. Beginning his sketch of his native land's fortunes with the Milesian invasion, B.C. 1700, he ends it by hoping that "by the present system of calm and peaceful agitation Ireland may regain some of that independence of which she has been so ruthlessly despoiled." But, as if to prove that he can be magnanimous, the author admits that, barring our conduct to Ireland, we English "are in many respects a great people." In justice to the author we must add that his little book contains a vast amount of information compressed into wonderfully small space, and we can only regret that its party colouring is so decided as to exclude its use from any but Roman Catholic schools.

While on the subject of histories, we take the opportunity of noticing the third volume of Miss Yonge's *Cameos from the History of England*, which, though not exactly a school book, is well fitted to serve as a reading-book in ladies' schools or private school-rooms. It treats of the troubled times induced by the Wars of the Roses in England. In dealing with the disputed succession to the Crown which gave rise to these wars, Miss Yonge's own prejudices in favour of hereditary right come prominently forward. Henry VI. is, in her eyes, the innocent saint who suffered for his grandfather's sin of usurpation. She implies that he acquiesced in his own hard lot, and saw in the exclusion of his son from the throne a righteous retribution and restoration of stolen goods to the rightful owner. But the *Cameos* are not confined to English history; Miss Yonge goes further afield, and seeks her subjects, not only in the picturesque turbulence of the sister kingdom, but in the wider range of France and of the Empire. Now, though Miss Yonge can describe a battle or a pageant minutely, if not picturesquely, her own notions of general history are not sufficiently clear or fixed to make her a trustworthy guide to those who are more ignorant still. She has not even yet been able to find out the difference between a German Emperor and an Emperor of Germany, for under this title do the Emperors take their place, along with the other sovereigns of Europe, at the heading of each chapter. This confusion seems all the odder when we find her telling her readers that no Emperor could be "technically Kaiser" till he was crowned at Rome. When we find Miss Yonge gravely writing that the kingdom of the Two Sicilies had been held to be a fief of the Church ever since the time of Robert Guiscard, we must perforce believe that she does not know that Sicily originally was but one, and that it was to the rending and reuniting of the kingdom that it owed its dual title, which, it stands to reason, it could not have borne before these events. In all matters of detail Miss Yonge deserves credit for working up her subject with much care and pains. For tracing out pedigrees she has, as all readers of her novels are aware, a special gift. Her review of the social state of England under the Tudors, which runs thus—"Every one ate beef and drank ale, loved display, and flew into a passion on the least provocation"—if not philosophical, commands itself by an excellent brevity which we look for in vain in her other pages; for, probably from excessive indulgence in story-writing, Miss Yonge's chief fault is a wordiness and tiresome repetition that prevent her style from being either picturesque or brilliant. We have, however, heard more than one schoolgirl declare that she always hated history till she read Miss Yonge's *Cameos*; which is the best possible proof that the *Cameos* are well suited to the wants and capacities of the readers for whom they are primarily intended.

AN INLAND VOYAGE.*

MR. STEVENSON'S *Inland Voyage* is more full of moralizing than of incident. The type and the paper, and the eccentricities of printing where proper names and various other words are arbitrarily emphasized with italics, give one the impression that the author affects the quaint and original. We doubt not that considerable thought and care went to the opening sentence of the elaborate little preface:—"To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion." And the "equip," for no obvious reason, is impressed upon us with the very largest capitals. In short, the *Inland Voyage* seems to be a compound of the styles of Sir Philip Sidney and Bacon, George Herbert, Sterne, and Mr. Blackmore's rural characters of the last century. Mr. Stevenson, like the sailor's famous parrot, has an unfathomable profundity of thought; and he has devoted most painstaking study to perverted ingenuities of expression. Looking at English compo-

sition from his very peculiar point of view, nothing can be more creditable than the extreme trouble he takes to go out of his way to pick circumlocutory phrases when there are short and simple words that would apparently answer his purpose. It is true that his drift becomes sometimes so ambiguous that possibly we may be misled as to his meaning; but this, on the whole, is in happy harmony with the dreamy mysticism of his philosophical speculations. He lets his mind follow its wayward impulses as he lets his canoe glide downwards with the eddies of the streams. We have no wish to be uncharitable or ungrateful, and we admit that he often amuses us with a clever thing; and not unfrequently we come on a novel idea among a crowd of platitudes rather prettily expressed. But a little of his mannerism goes a long way, and we frankly confess that he has now and then put us out of temper. The more so because, if he had been less pompously formal, he would have written a more entertaining little book. As it is, now and then, when he appears to forget himself, he has flashes of unaffected liveliness; he dashes off telling little sketches of character, and has graceful touches of vivid landscape-painting. He makes himself thoroughly at home with the natives, and has a knack of drawing out their ideas; so that by the time we have accompanied him through the Low Countries and down the Oise, we are aware that we have had some new lights and experiences.

How far the author's canoe-voyage was enjoyable must be a matter of taste, temperament, and opinion. For ourselves, we believe that we should have liked it better in the retrospect than in the reality. In the first place, Mr. Stevenson and his staunch companion seem to have been singularly unfortunate in their weather. It rained steadily upon them, with brief intervals of sunshine, till they were on the point of renouncing their undertaking in disgust, and exchanging their frail crafts for the trains. "These gentlemen travel for their pleasure?" asked the landlady of the inn at Pimprez, "with unconscious irony," when they had come in wet, wretched, and half-famished. And an old gentleman who questioned them as to their plans strongly recommended them to give up their insane expedition and betake themselves to the railway carriages like rational tourists. The fact is that the early apostles of Christianity who went about proselytizing without money in their purses could hardly have been worse treated or regarded with more general suspicion. The canoeists did not plan their successive stages with an eye to supping and sleeping in decent quarters, but trusted to what Providence might send them in the vicinity of the spot where they might land towards sundown. Frequently Providence was anything but friendly, and assuredly, according to their own account, they did not carry their passports in their appearance. Of course they had to abandon the canoes that would have advertised them as distinguished foreigners, and they presented themselves in the guise of dripping pedestrians. The shabby indiarubber bags in which they carried their changes of apparel did not tend to prepossess innkeepers in their favour. Even in third-rate and fifth-rate houses they were received on sufferance after having made good their footing by a mixture of humility and self-assertion; and on more than one occasion they were ignominiously thrust out as they were beginning to luxuriate in the warmth within doors. There was a blending of the tragic and pathetic in their experience at La Fère which appeals strongly to our sympathies. They had brought their usual infamous weather along with them. They had got out of their boats in thick falling rain and plodded on to the gates of the fortress across a swampy plain intersected by lines of dismal poplars. They were half famished; they had already made their toilets in anticipation, and were entertaining themselves in fancy at an excellent dinner. They had been told that there was an admirable inn, and it looked even better than they had expected. Great fires were glowing in the spacious kitchen, and there was a smell of savoury fare in the passages. In the gladness of their hearts they plunged straightforward into the kitchen, "a pair of damp rag-and-bone men, each with a limp indiarubber bag upon his arm." But the flushed landlady turned savagely round upon them, in answer to their polite request for beds. "You will find beds in the suburbs. We are too busy for the like of you." Mild attempts at expostulation only added fuel to the flames of her indignation. With a "Sortez! sortez! sortez par la porte," the forlorn pair were bundled out ignominiously. Again, at Pont-sur-Sambre and elsewhere their feelings were hurt by their being mistaken for pedlars and treated as such; and at Compiègne, although they were admitted into the hotel, they were made to feel themselves persons of no consideration whatever.

On the other hand, this rather disagreeable mode of travel had decided advantages for the inquisitive mind. They really saw much of the humbler classes, and made the acquaintance of many characters more or less remarkable. As often as not they had their meals in the kitchen, and were seated at the same board with the tramps and labourers who were taking their exceedingly meagre repasts. At supper at Pont-sur-Sambre the supposed pedlars met a bona-fide travelling merchant. M. Hector Gilliard "was a lean, nervous, flibbertijibet of a man, with something the look of an actor and something the look of a horse-jockey." He brought his wife and little son with him, travelling under the tilt of a donkey-cart filled with his assortment of wares. M. Hector naturally gave himself the airs of an aristocrat, and was inclined to look down on his foreign pedestrian brethren, while he and his wife united in spoiling their little boy of four. They had tricked the child out in a military kepi; they stuffed him by way of whet for the more serious work of supper with galette, cold potatoes, and unripe apples; and his partial mother was rather vexed at his

* *An Inland Voyage*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

want of gallantry towards the landlady's little girl, who was introduced that he might pay her attention. It is a very natural and effective picture of a French or Flemish family in the position of the Gilliards. At Origny Sainte-Benoite they had an agreeable Sunday dinner-party. The natives treated the Englishmen to sparkling wine. "That is how we are in France," remarked one of them, with hospitable complacency. "Those who sit down with us are our friends." And the rest applauded. Two of the three were guests, like the canoeists. One was a north-country *chasseur*, "who thought nothing so small, not even a lark or a minnow, but he might vindicate his prowess by its capture. For such a great healthy man, his hair flourishing like *Samson's*, his arteries running buckets of red blood, to boast of these infinitesimal exploits produced a feeling of disproportion in the world, as when a steam-hammer is set to cracking nuts. The other was a quiet, subdued person, blond and lymphatic and sad, with something the look of a Dane. 'Tristes têtes de Danois!' as *Gaston Lafenestre* used to say." This passage, with the italicized proper names, is a fair average specimen of Mr. Stevenson's style and turn of thought. The third of the foreign trio was the host—"a petard of a man," and apparently possessed with a devil. He had a couple of pet expressions, with which he freely interlarded his discourse. One was "it is logical," or illogical; and the other, with which he preluded all his stories, "I am a proletarian, you see." And it was characteristic that this blood-thirsty proletarian, living in a village at the back of the world, believed in Paris and the Parisian workman above all other earthly things. He was just the man, if his aspirations should take him up to his metropolis, to thrust himself forward in such a hopeless war of barricades as is described in M. Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*. "God forbid," ejaculates Mr. Stevenson, "that ever I should find him handling a gun in Paris streets. That will not be a good moment for the general public." Occasionally the adventurers stumbled out of their canoes into the arms of a more aristocratic society, as at Brussels, where they were received with an embarrassment of honour and civilities by the members of the "Royal Sport Nautique." These gentlemen housed their boats and had their clothes dried for them, conducted them to their lavatories, and supplied them with articles of the toilet. They could not do too much for their English boating brethren, who came with the best of introductions in the shape of canoes that had been built by Searle. One of that band of sporting enthusiasts observed, *à propos* of their boating, "We are all employed in commerce during the day, but in the evening, *voyez-vous, nous sommes sérieux*." We must add that our countrymen took something like French leave of their Belgian entertainers. The *cercle* of the "Sport Nautique" modestly professed to have vanquished all rivals in every department when matches had been decided purely on their merits. And among other conquering heroes, they boasted of a champion canoeist, and they promised, if the Englishmen would only wait till the Sunday, that they should have a convoy for some leagues on their way by "this infernal paddler." So the modest strangers made an early start, when their Belgian friends were still busy over their "commerce," leaving a polite message behind them, and feeling "the hot breath of the champion on our necks." Altogether, with all its faults and affections, the little book is very lively and pleasant reading, especially if the reader chances to fall in with the writer's peculiar rein.

COLLINS'S THUCYDIDES.*

THE editor and originator of the very useful series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, having already dealt in his own person with the Roman annalist Livy, has now undertaken a yet more difficult task. He has set himself to present to non-classical readers the philosophic, impassive, unemotional historian of the Peloponnesian War, whose work may be said to have originated a new school of history; and in performing this task Mr. Collins has had to assimilate, as well as to elucidate, his author's method, and to examine and realize the differences which exist as well between Thucydides and his story-telling predecessor as between this first of real historians and the moderns who have profited by him. The History of the Peloponnesian War is a model of the steadfast carrying out of a prescribed purpose—namely, to write the history of a contemporary war from contemplation of its operations and results, without prejudice or passion, with little embellishment from without, and a rigid guard upon any temptation to digression. He who essays to give a succinct account of a work so definite in purpose and execution has to guard against temptations which his model *ipso facto* condemns, and the first condition of success in such an undertaking is that the writer should thoroughly identify himself with the scheme, plan, and principle of Thucydides as an historian.

The introductory chapter gives scope to one or two interesting questions, at the same time that it recalls details of biographical value. Among the latter we may mention the facts that Thucydides was a proprietor of Thracian gold-mines, and a divisional commander (to his own damage, if not to that of his State) in those operations of the war which took place in the immediate neighbourhood of his property. His twenty years' banishment, whether merited or not, resulted from a probable clashing of private and public interests, of which he says no word of justification, and to which is doubtless due the leisure to which

history and historians have been so much indebted. The student of composition will find interest in the fact that he was a pupil in rhetoric of Antiphon, and may examine in the pages of Müller and Donaldson, and in Mr. Jebb's *Attic Orators*, the marked correspondence of idioms between the orator and the historian. "If," says Mr. Collins, "it had not been that the interest of a great war called forth his powers as a historian, Thucydides might have filled the chair of his teacher Antiphon, instead of recording his fate." To another of his teachers, the philosopher Anaxagoras, may be traced the historian's guarded utterances respecting contemporary notions that the plague was a judgment of Heaven on the immigrants who ignored the oracular prediction that "the Pelasgicon were best uninhabited." Thucydides "traces the result, not to the occupation of forbidden ground, but to general overcrowding"; and the same philosophy is manifest elsewhere, when he speaks or hints his mind as to national superstitions. One interesting topic of the Introduction is the authorship of the Eighth Book, which is imperfect and unfinished, and has been diversely attributed to his daughter, writing by the aid of his notes, and to Xenophon, whose Hellenics begin where the Eighth Book breaks off. It differs from the other seven in the absence of those rhetorical and argumentative speeches wherein Thucydides puts into the mouth of his chief characters those studies of the motives of action on either side which later historians would have discussed in digressive disquisitions. These speeches, which disguisedly enunciate the historian's own views, and (as the writer of this volume elsewhere puts it), give "the philosophy of history apart from its facts," may, however, have been omitted in the last book because the author had come to discover that this mode of philosophizing was distasteful to a younger generation.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Collins through the chapters which analyse the preliminary history and the causes of the war, though it is satisfactory to find him careful to notice, *à propos* of the Trojan war and the Dorian migration, that Thucydides, like Livy, was loth to lay irreverent hands on the strong national belief in the early mythical heroes. The galling sore which, *altd mente repostum*, at length became unendurable on the provocations at Coreyra and Potidea, was the over-reaching of Sparta by Themistocles, detailed by Thucydides in i. 91, where we learn the decisive cause of the animosity of Lacedæmon against the rival who had by subtlety and diplomacy baffled her jealousy. On the first outbreak of hostilities it is natural that Pericles should come to the front; and here Mr. Collins is at pains to explain his author's omission of anything like a biography of this chief among his actors. It is a somewhat difficult task, because, although Thucydides's object was to write the history of the war for a contemporary generation, we know that he had an eye to posterity also. All we can say is that here, as in most places, Thucydides is consistent with his programme. At all events, whatever his omissions, this is one of the places where his present epitomist is most helpful in the way of supplement. In the space of a couple of pages Mr. Collins shows the gifts of person, intellect, family, and fortune which enabled Pericles to "wield at will the fierce democracy," whilst he at the same time seems to recognize him as one not unimportant element in the problem which he enunciates in these thoughtful words:—

Is it because Athens appears to have been thus singly matched against almost all Greece in arms, or from an unconscious sympathy with the Athenian historian, fairly impartial as he is acknowledged to be, or because of the final result of the struggle, or from something of that "insularity" of feeling in ourselves which Pericles tried to impress on his countrymen, that, as we read, we nearly all of us become partisans of Athens?

One looks with interest to see Mr. Collins's manner of treating the funeral oration by Pericles at the end of the first year of the war, nor is there ground for disappointment. It seems a probable surmise of our author, that, though structure and arrangement were doubtless the historian's own, he was on the spot at the delivery of the oration, and, with a memory quickened and retentive in proportion to the dearth of written documents, used his utmost powers to render his transcript as vivid and true as possible. We are loth to accept with Cicero the more commonplace tradition that Pericles wrote and read his panegyric. One memorable sentence of it may be quoted as a sample of Mr. Collins's translation—namely, that which says that "the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes; it is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds, but even in lands where they were strangers, there lives an unwritten record in every heart, felt though never embodied." Another test-point of the history is the description of the Plague which visited Athens in the second summer, and before which the invaders of Attica withdrew. Its character and symptoms are so technically described by Thucydides that it is a plausible theory that he may have submitted his notes before publication to the correction of the physician Hippocrates, who was probably resident at Abdera or at Thasos in the plague year, and certainly within access of the historian in exile. To the "loci classici" respecting the plague as depicted by other writers we may add Dr. Cullen's remarkable examination of the characteristics of that which occurred at Leyden in the seventeenth century; and for its curiously depraving influence on morals we may mention the well-known testimony of Boccaccio, which Mr. Collins quotes from Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*. Among the latest victims of the pestilence—but not till after he had run the gauntlet of popular fickleness, and had to defend himself at Athens against a clamorous democracy which, after fining him, admitted its injustice by reinstating him—was Pericles himself. When we come to the narrative of the judicial murder of the Plateans, after the

* *Thucydides*. By the Rev. Lucas Collins, M.A. "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1878.

mockery of hearing a defence which, if it at all approached the eloquence that Thucydides puts into it, was a masterpiece of pathos, or to the "Fate of Mitylene," as discreditable to the Athenians as the former butchery was to the Lacedæmonians and Thebans, and when we note how impassively the historian records each barbarity without a brief word of censure or extenuation, we speculate rather doubtfully as to what would have been the influence of Pericles had he lived to confront the new claimant for popular following, the much-canvassed and possibly misunderstood leather-dresser and mob orator Cleon. In this noisy Athenian's mouth, when he first appears before us as a reckless demagogue in the debate about the fate of Mitylene, we may well suspect that Thucydides puts his own sentiments and addresses his own home truths to his countrymen. "Very much," writes Mr. Collins, "of Cleon's harangue sounds like a succession of ironical paradoxes from the mouth of such a speaker." And it is, no doubt, with a sound and temperate estimate of parties and passions as influencing historians and political writers, that he counsels his readers to be cautious in accepting Thucydides's judgment on Cleon, whom he justly designates as "not what either Athenian or English politicians would call a 'gentleman' by any means, but an able and vigorous debater, and a party chief of unquestionable power."

The mention of Cleon suggests a reference to one of the later incidents and episodes of the war, in which this dashing demagogue succeeded *παρά προσδοκίαν*, as one might say. It was after Demosthenes had compassed his scheme for fortifying Pylos and planting Messenian exiles there as a menace to their hereditary Spartan enemies, and after the failure of the Peloponnesians under Agis the Spartan King to turn their occupation of Sphacteria into an element of success by sea, when Sparta had pledged its navy as a guarantee of good faith, and was suing by its envoys at Athens for a peace which the Assembly was too elated by success to listen to—whilst, the envoys having returned "re infecta," the Athenians were still holding the enemy's fleet and blockading Sphacteria—that the favourite of the "demos" hazarded the famous boast which has ever since taken rank among the paradoxes of history:—"If their generals were but men, they would run their vessels in and capture the people on the island; and if he were in command he would do it." Nicias, the general indicated, the head of the moderate party, and therefore the butt of Cleon, thought to turn the tables by taking the mob orator at his word. He challenged him to the proof, and the reluctant reply was a boast that, with a body of auxiliaries, and Demosthenes for a colleague, he would take the island and bring home the garrison prisoners in twenty days. How he succeeded to the letter, not perhaps so much by sheer luck as by the shrewdness which suggested his association with Demosthenes, "who, he was aware, was meditating a descent on the island," is matter of history, perhaps the more impressed on modern memory by the curious parallel of Admiral Vernon's successful boast in 1739 as regards the taking of Porto Bello with six ships. Mr. Collins has happily presented the original exploit and its antitype in some four of his short pages; but though he candidly points out that the parallel extends to Vernon's failing afterwards on the West India station, as Cleon failed in Thrace, he doubts whether the historian was quite fair to Cleon in a narrative which is summed up with the words, "So Cleon's promise, insane as it was, was fulfilled"; and he draws attention to Mr. Grote's argument that, if Cleon was a mere idle boaster, Nicias broke trust in resigning his command to him so readily. So, however, it might be said, did Sir Robert Walpole in imperilling English interests to get rid for a time of the noisy opposition of "brave and happy Vernon." The interesting chapter in which Mr. Collins details the events of the eighth year of the war, and which he heads "Thucydides at Amphipolis," is amongst the most readable in the volume. Amphipolis proved a fateful name to three of the best-known actors in the war—to the historian, to whose military and civil career it gave the last blow, and to the two foremost advocates of war as opposed to peace, the heroic and able Lacedæmonian general Brasidas, and the Athenian enigma Cleon. Mr. Lucas Collins's temperate and cautious conclusions in this chapter may be usefully studied by English readers before they approach the perhaps profounder and more political, but not always impartial, survey of Mr. Grote.

We have no space for even the briefest mention of the "Fate of Melos" and one or two other events of the war prior to the expedition to Sicily. This last is justly recognized as entitled to two full chapters; the first detailing the fitting out of the most splendidly equipped force which ever went out from a Greek city, and discussing the character of its generals—the recklessly impulsive Alcibiades, and the depressed and despondent Nicias, doomed to conduct an expedition in the success of which he had no faith. The exile of Alcibiades and the death of Lamachus follow as of ill augury. And then the advent of the Spartan Gylippus, and the repeated disasters suffered by Athens at Epipolæ and before Syracuse, lead up to a well-told account of the lamentable retreat which, as Mr. Collins reminds us, Lord Macaulay likens among narratives to what Vandyck's Lord Strafford is among paintings. Enough, it is hoped, has been said of Mr. Collins's *Thucydides* to show its title to a foremost place in the excellent series for which English readers of ancient classics have to thank him. We conclude with a few lines of his average narrative in proof of the lucid simplicity which is the characteristic of his style:—

Great was the consternation at Athens, when by slow degrees the whole terrible truth began to be realized. They knew the full extent of their danger. The Syracusans might sail to the Piræus; their enemies at home

would gather courage; the subject islanders would seize the opportunity to revolt. But they no more lost heart than the Romans after Cannæ. They built a new fleet and retrenched their expenses. The reserve of a thousand talents (some 240,000*l.*) which the foresight of Pericles had set aside at the commencement of the war for any season of emergency was now called into use. But though Athens rallied thus gallantly, and maintained the struggle with varying success for eight years longer, she never fully recovered the blow which had been struck in Sicily. She had found her Moscow, says Thirlwall, in Syracuse."

A STRUGGLE FOR ROME.*

HISTORICAL novels, as a general rule, afford very unsatisfactory reading. If the reader is to follow the story with any degree of care, he must exert scarcely less attention than if he were reading history itself. At the same time he is annoyed with the feeling that it is fiction and not history that he is reading, and that he is in all likelihood getting into his head a great many notions about the time in which the scene is laid which are altogether unsound. The author of the novel before us professes to describe with very great minuteness the fall of the Kingdom of the Goths in Italy. With his story he fills three volumes, containing in all more than twelve hundred somewhat closely-printed pages. The events which he describes "filled," he writes, "a period of almost thirty years' duration. From reasons easily understood, it was necessary to shorten, or at least to disguise, this long interval." Had he merely laid the scene of some fanciful tale in this time, had he merely made a few couples of young Romans and Goths fall in and out of love with each other, and used events that were historical as little as possible, this interference with dates would have mattered but little. But the lovers play quite a third-rate part. The chief characters of the story are the Emperor and Empress, Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, Bishops, Dukes, Earls, and Roman nobles. We can readily believe the author when he says that it was not till nineteen years after the story was begun that he was able to bring it to an end. It is only reasonable that a book which gives the reader so much trouble to read should have given the author a great deal of trouble to write. A story is told of some preacher who, when asked how long he took to prepare his sermons, answered that it entirely depended on their length. A sermon that took an hour to preach he could prepare in an hour; but a sermon that was to last only a quarter of an hour required the preparation of a whole day. But unfortunately it is by no means every one who understands that a book is improved by brevity, and that brevity requires time. With many authors the length of their writings is exactly proportioned to the length of time they give to them. They measure their work by its amount, and think that the longer their work is the stronger is the evidence of their diligence. Lady Bertram, in Miss Austen's *Mansfield Park*, could feel that "her own time had been irreproachably spent during her husband's absence; she had done a great deal of carpet-work, and made many yards of fringe." The author of *A Struggle for Rome* must have much the same feeling. He has been indeed nineteen years, more or less, engaged in his work; but then consider its length. Measure it against the corresponding chapters in Gibbon. It will be found to be at the very least twelve times as long, perhaps twenty times. The carpet-work—that is to say, the substance of the story—is indeed very great, and the fringe of love-making may certainly be measured by the yard. For any one who delights in fighting, murders, killing, and dying of all kinds, there is an abundant repast prepared in these volumes. We are told, and generally at considerable length and in all the pomp of words, the death of King Theodoric, King Theodahad, Queen Godelindis, Queen Amalaswintha, King Athalaric, King Witichis, and his wives, Queens Mataswintha and Rauthgundis, and his son Prince Athalwin, King Totila, King Teja, and the Empress Theodora. This gives an average of four royal personages killed to a volume, and of these, according to the author at all events, Theodoric only dies a natural death. But this is not nearly all the killing, for in each case where the royal person died by the violence of others and not by his own hand, those who killed him had in their turn to be killed. There are battles and sieges moreover, while spears and battle-axes, trumpets and shields, battering-rams and catapults, and (to quote Mr. Thackeray) "all the other appurtenances of ancient warfare," play a great part in the story. The book ends with the fight on Mount Vesuvius, where King Teja fell. The account as given by the historians is in itself wonderful enough; but the author improves on the valour and dexterity of the Gothic king. He represents him as fighting without a shield while his enemies "redoubled their hail of spears and arrows. With axe and sword Teja parried the thickly falling darts." After reading this we can more readily believe in the stories which an old fencing-master used to tell us in our youth, how that he had always been safe in battle, as with his sword he could parry the bullets or else split them in two and make them pass on either side of him. The death of King Teja alone could not fitly wind up such a tale as this. Eleven of the royal folk had been already made away with, and royalty dying had grown too common. "For God's sake let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings" had been said so often that a fresh invitation was scarcely likely to be accepted. But the hero of the story, Cethegus, the last of the Romans, died with him. In fact, each killed the other. Yet even this was not enough. Advantage is taken of the fact that the fight was on Mount

* *A Struggle for Rome*. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Lily Wolfsohn. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

Vesuvius to give a yet finer finish to the story. The hero had a devoted follower, a Numidian named Syphax. He had heard that, though his master had fallen fighting against the Goths, his head nevertheless was to be cut off and carried to Justinian:—

"The head of the Prefect, to take to the Emperor," answered Anicius; "obey, slave!"

But Syphax uttered a yell—his spear rushed through the air, and Anicius fell. And before the others, who at once busied themselves with the dying man, could come near him, Syphax had taken his beloved burden upon his back, and began to climb up a steep precipice of lava near the pass, which Goths and Byzantines had, till then, held to be impassable. More and more rapidly the slave advanced. His goal was a little column of smoke which rose just at the other side of the cliff. For there yawned one of the small crater chasms of Vesuvius. For one moment Syphax stopped upon the edge of the black rocks; once again he raised the corpse of Cethegus erect in his strong arms, as if to show the noble form to the setting sun. And suddenly master and slave had disappeared.

The fiery mountain had received the faithful Syphax and the dead Cethegus, his greatness and his guilt, into its glowing bosom. The hero was snatched away from the small spite of his enemies.

We ought to have mentioned earlier that this story is a translation from the German, and that the translator as well as the author is, to judge from her name, a German. The knowledge she shows of our language is certainly more than creditable. For a great many pages together she writes, to say the least, quite as correct English as not a few of our ordinary novelists. Nevertheless she now and then falls into a use of words which has just enough of comicality to give this tedious story some slight touch of humour. For instance, after the magnificent scene which we have just quoted at length—the steep precipice, the faithful follower, the dead body of the last of the Romans, the setting sun, the yawning crater, and the final plunge—we read, "Scevola and Albinus, who had witnessed the occurrence, hastened to Narses." And yet, after all, to the translator, and even to the reader, who had steadily and faithfully gone through twelve hundred pages of fighting and killing, the use here of such a word as "occurrence" would not perhaps seem in the least absurd. They would both look upon another death much as Hotspur looked upon the killing of some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast. Still we are surprised that she has not picked up some bigger word than "occurrence," for she clearly shows that she is familiar with our modern novelists. She writes of "a sunny shimmer," and of "greeny darkness," and she makes such a slip in grammar as to write "you cannot bear years like I." What further proofs can be asked that the novels of our time have been made her careful study? If we might venture to suggest the words that would, in the true modern style, exactly do justice to the striking scene in question, we would venture to submit "tragic inauguration." As there is, we believe, no earlier case recorded of a man leaping down a crater with a dead body in his arms, Syphax might with scarcely less propriety be said to have inaugurated Vesuvius than great people are now said to inaugurate a building. In an earlier part of the book Cethegus exclaims:—

"Fate, that wills the destruction of the barbarians, could have laid no more gracious gifts upon our path. You know how completely I rule the Queen-regent, but you do not know how powerless I am over that obstinate enthusiast, Athalaric. It is enigmatical. The sick youth is, amongst all the nation, the only one who suspects, if he does not see through, me; and I do not know whether he most fears or hates me."

This reads very finely; but then Cethegus, who is described as a great orator, comes in the very next line to this woful break down:—"That would be a matter of indifference to me, if the audacious fellow did not very decidedly and very successfully act against me." In the "famous schools of Berytus, Alexandria, and Athens, in which he had studied with brilliant success," the art of sinking, it would seem, must have been very thoroughly taught. On the day that Queen Amalaswintha was going to be murdered she saw signs of evil omen. "It affected her disagreeably," we read, "when going to the window a raven rose cawing from the marble sill." This Queen, by the way, "was extremely, though coldly, beautiful." In another passage we are told that "the wind rudely worried a man's full long beard." The same old man a little later on, by way of retaliation, we suppose, "blew into the windy night air that rustled in his long beard." One of the characters remarks that he and his companion "must be followed by a wood sprite, for it often snapped in the branches and rustled in the grass near them." We suppose the translator is using the impersonal form of writing, for she can scarcely mean that a wood sprite snapped and rustled. One of the kings took out for a row on the sea a young lady whom he would have made his queen had she not been first poisoned by her mother. As he rowed the boat along, "a dull crash was heard; the boat had struck, and drove, shaking violently, backwards. 'Oh Heaven!' cried Camilla. . . . 'The boat has burst! we sink!'" A ship came up to their rescue, and the boat sank "immediately after the endangered pair had been taken on board." A self-taught man exclaims proudly, "I am an auto-didact"; and "a goatherd, with Roman invectives, drove forward his *protégés*, which stopped here and there to nibble the salty saxifrage." At a siege "stones hurtled and hissed in infallible curves," while a conjuror "seemed to devour glowing coals with great appetite." In one passage we read of "the booty for which Cethegus already mentally quarrelled with the Emperor"; and in another, where a prince is described as looking at his lady love, who had fainted, we are told that "thirstily his burning eye dwelt upon the beautiful features."

Such expressions as these are, however, neither absurd enough nor frequent enough to render the book amusing. That it could be made

interesting was, we venture to assert, beyond the power of the most skilful translator. Something, perhaps, might have been done by abridgment. The three volumes might with great advantage have been cut down to one. The Germans are a plodding people, and perhaps require that their novels shall be not only historical, but longer even than their histories. The English taste would have been better suited if there had been a great many fewer pages and a great deal less history.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LORÉDAN LARCHEY* has compiled a dictionary which certainly ought to find a place in all our libraries side by side with the four quartos of M. Littré. *Argot*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *langue verte*, should not be neglected by any one who aims at knowing the French language thoroughly; for it is a mistake to suppose that the use of it is a monopoly of ticket-of-leave men or persons under police surveillance. The domains claimed by that peculiar form of speech are extremely varied, and some scholars will no doubt be surprised to find that such words as *respectable*, *désavoué*, *naguères*, and *foreter* were once considered ungrammatical and hardly proper. M. Larchey's excellent preface classifies the numerous sources which have in various proportions helped to swell the *argot* vocabulary; and it is interesting to find that as far back as the fifteenth century a creditor was called *un Anglais* on the other side of the Channel. Comparisons, derivations, historical allusions, and the glossaries of foreign languages, have all contributed to enrich the original stock, and to make up a new language which, we must say, is wonderfully copious and often highly picturesque. The advocates of total abstinence will no doubt find a fresh argument in the fact that there are no fewer than forty-six words in *argot* expressing the various shades of drunkenness, beginning with the jolly fellow who is merely *bien*, and ending with the wretch who is full *jusqu'à la troisième capucine*. Our author remarks that ordinary dictionaries only enlighten us as to what should be said, but give us no information whatever as to what is actually said; he has aimed at supplying this omission. The authors from whose works he selects his examples are always carefully quoted; and M. Zola, we need scarcely add, furnishes a goodly contingent.

The collection published by M. Lemerre has lately received an excellent addition in the shape of a translation of the *Chanson de Roland*.† It is interesting to see how the *chansons de geste* have become popular since M. Génin gave his reprint of the *Roland* twenty-eight years ago. M. Léon Gautier deserves, however, to be named as the critic who, by his exhaustive researches, has done most to rehabilitate the old *trouvère*, and to bring once more into notice the exploits of Charlemagne's nephew at Roncevaux. Since the issuing of his two volumes, several writers have endeavoured to translate the poem; and the versions of MM. Lehougueur, Jonain, and Alexandre de Saint-Albin, are now followed by M. Petit de Julleville's. The peculiarity of his attempt consists in its reproducing not only the metre, but the assonances, of the original. The introduction gives, first, a short summary of the work, followed by bibliographical details; then comes an essay on the nature and spirit of the *Chanson de Roland*; and, lastly, an inquiry into the system of versification adopted by the *trouvère*. The volume is completed by useful notes.

The task which M. Ernest Lehr has undertaken in the present volume‡ is both arduous and important. We know very little about Russia; the language offers special difficulties, public documents cannot be easily procured without the permission of the Government, and it is hardly possible without Russian assistance for a Frenchman or German to understand the institutions of the Empire and the manner in which those institutions have affected legislation. Yet it is very desirable to obtain accurate information respecting a country which at present occupies the attention of the civilized world, and where during the last twenty years reforms of all kinds have been accomplished in the various branches of the law. M. Lehr is well known by his volume published three years ago on the legislation of the German Empire, and the work now before us will probably meet with equal success. Rights of persons and of families, property rights, the laws which regulate successions and mortgages—such are the topics which he discusses; and the volume is completed by a good index.

If we wish to hear what a severe critic has to say on the subject of Russian society, we cannot do better than turn to the amusing narrative translated from the German by MM. Figurey and Corbier, and introduced by a preface from the pen of M. Antonin Proust.§ Is it possible, some one may ask, that a work so thoroughly German both in style and in feeling should be really composed by a Russian? Our only voucher is the Leipzig publisher; and of course we are bound to believe his assertion. The exaggerated praise bestowed upon the Teutonic world is, we are informed, a mere trick meant to conceal the author's nationality, and to throw the agents of the Russian police off the scent. At any rate, the two volumes which come forth under M. Proust's auspices are highly entertaining, though we have to regret the

* *Dictionnaire historique d'argot*. Par Lorédan Larchey. 1^{re} édition. Paris: Dentu.

† *La Chanson de Roland, traduction nouvelle, rythmée et assonancée*. Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Éléments du droit civil Russe*. Par Ernest Lehr. Paris: Plon.

§ *La Société Russe par un Russe*. Traduit par MM. Figurey et Corbier. Paris: Dreyfous.

admission of anecdotes which should have been kept out of a work intended for general circulation.

The dedication of a book often gives a clue to its character; thus when we see a volume entitled *La fin de l'anarchie** inscribed to the memory of M. Thiers and to M. Léon Gambetta, we may be tolerably sure that in the author's mind the representatives of anarchy are the Bonapartists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists. M. Charles Bigot makes no secret of his views on this subject; according to him, the Republic is now the only Government possible in France, and his object is to convince the *bourgeoisie* that society need not fear any danger if it will trust the Republicans. The work is divided into five books, the first two being chiefly historical in their character, and intended to describe what M. Bigot calls the Odyssey of France from 1789 to the present day. According to him, anarchy is the net result of the struggles of the last half century, and the solution of the political problem has never yet been attained because all the Governments which have successively directed the destinies of the country were only minorities momentarily favoured by fortune. Without stopping to examine the value of this assertion, we may observe that M. Bigot's notion of a Republic is extremely reasonable, so much so, in fact, that it would hardly be accepted by the Radical party. He speaks of religion in a calm and sober tone, widely different from the rabid denunciations of most champions of democracy.

M. Alexandre Dumas fils has not always written novels and plays; a number of *feuilletons* or articles on subjects of the most various kinds constitute a noteworthy element in his literary career, and it would have been a pity to let them remain buried in the columns of newspapers. They have accordingly been collected under the title of *entr'actes*†, and classified as much as possible by order of topics. The greater part of the volume before us is taken up by politics, and on opening the first pages we find ourselves in the midst of that extraordinary surprise which is called the Revolution of 1848. Barbès, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and Albert (courier) are conjured up like the figures in a transformation scene, and we are asked to witness the struggle between conflicting forms of democracy. The principal articles in this duodecimo comprise two series, the former of which ("Courrier de Paris") appeared in the journal *La Liberté*, while the latter ("Lettres d'un Provincial") were contributed to M. Émile de Girardin's *La Presse*.

The second volume of Sainte-Beuve's correspondence‡ begins with May 1865, and ends in October 1869, three days before his death. A complete enumeration of all the subjects touched upon in this collection of nearly four hundred letters would be impossible here. We will only refer the reader to some interesting details as to Napoleon III.'s way of dealing with publications of a free-thinking tendency, such as Proudhon's works, and as to the peculiar position which Sainte-Beuve himself assumed under the Imperial régime, obliged at the same time to plead the cause of Liberalism before the Senate, the law courts, and the Emperor, and to justify in the eyes of ultra-Radicals his attitude as a devoted Bonapartist. A third volume, containing letters received too late for insertion in their proper places, is announced. We hope that it will be completed by a good alphabetical index.

The history of John Huss and of his attempt to reform the Church is not well known, chiefly because most of the details handed down to us are derived from the works of Roman Catholic writers whose interest it was to place in the most unfavourable light the character of the reformers, the nature of their work, and the doctrines they promulgated. M. Ernest Denis§ does his best to rehabilitate the memory of the early reformers of Bohemia, and to show that, if their rising was essentially a religious movement, it partook likewise to a great extent of the character of a political revolution. It may be regarded as the effort of a Slavonic nationality to assert its independence in the face of the German Empire; and the Hussites may fairly claim to have fought, according to their lights, the battle of freedom and progress. M. Denis's volume is divided into two parts, treating respectively of the origin of Hussitism and of the war which resulted from its position as a schismatic community. The bibliographical list prefixed will be found useful by students who wish to follow the subject more in detail, and the appendix gives, amongst other valuable documents, a complete chronological list of the Bohemian Kings.

Speaking generally, the biography of sovereigns is interesting only from the day when they ascend the throne; but in the case of Queen Elizabeth this rule does not hold good. Her reign, so important in the history not only of England but of Europe, was preceded, says M. Wiesener¶, by a period of preparation which lasted for upwards of twenty years; a series of revolutions, catastrophes, and serious perils braced her for the great work of her after life. The history of Elizabeth's early days has the twofold interest of a psychological study and of an exploration in a region which is still very imperfectly known. The glorious annals of the Queen have so thoroughly cast into the shade the dangers which surrounded the Princess that the early period of her life is comparatively unknown both in England and in France; and, in fact, it has, says M. Wiesener, been made the subject of a legend which

it behoves modern criticism to destroy. The researches of M. Wiesener in the French archives have enabled him to discover a mass of papers connected with the embassies of M. de Noailles, the greater part of which had never before been examined; he has also consulted manuscript documents preserved at the British Museum and amongst the treasures of the Record Office. One topic on which he touches is the well-known story of Mary Tudor's supposed love for Edward Courtenay, described by Gregorio Leti, Burnet, Hume, and Vertot—a love which was the origin of the Queen's intense hatred of Elizabeth. M. Wiesener has no difficulty in demolishing this romantic episode. Far from being jealous of her sister, Mary entertained seriously the idea of bringing about a marriage between her and Courtenay; and would have succeeded, had it not been for the refusal of Courtenay himself, and for the advice of the Emperor Charles V. M. Wiesener gives us in detail the negotiations which led to Mary's own marriage with Philip. This important subject has seldom been treated with the care it deserves, considering the influence it had on Elizabeth's destiny and on the policy of the French Court. The reader will soon discover, no doubt, that M. Wiesener is a strong Roman Catholic; but it cannot, we think, be said that he often allows prejudice to lead him astray.

The volume recently published at Geneva* by MM. Rilliet and Dufour is an essential supplement to the works of Calvin. It contains the French original of the catechism which he issued in 1537, a catechism of which not a single copy was supposed to exist; whilst the Latin version likewise is of the utmost rarity. As an introduction to this bibliographical treasure M. Rilliet has written a very interesting account of Calvin's first residence at Geneva, and of the measures taken by the authorities of that city to establish a Government strictly founded upon the doctrines of the Reformation. The task undertaken by M. Dufour is that of a bibliographer. He has contributed a notice, which fills more than half the volume, not merely of the Catechism and of the Confession of Faith, but also of all the books printed at Geneva and at Neuchâtel during the early time of the Reformation (1533-1540).

M. Victor Meignan's amusing *Voyage à Pékin par terre* was a capital specimen of what an intelligent traveller can do; his excursion to the West Indies† is not perhaps so full of incident, but it contains political and social lessons which Europeans should take to heart. As the principal nations of Europe are represented in the West India islands, that part of the world may be considered as a kind of international exhibition, where one can see at work the various civilizing and administrative systems adopted by various colonizing centres of the Old World. The result, says M. Meignan, is not calculated to gratify French pride; there are, in the first place, no colonies in the West India islands so badly governed as those of France; universal suffrage has done and is still doing the most serious mischief, and, notwithstanding the pretensions of a noisy and spurious Liberalism, the French colonies are subjected to a despotic rule necessitated by the inapplicable laws voted in Paris. M. Meignan is a great admirer of the English system; he thinks that it might be advantageously introduced amongst the French West India dependencies, and he especially calls the attention of the legislator and the political reformer to the condition of the coloured population which, he says, is now living in open immorality. It will be seen that M. Meignan's volume has higher pretensions than as a mere narrative of travels, however interesting.

M. Henri Révoil's excursion to Monaco‡ is absolutely free from all political tepidities; the author has merely aimed at giving us his impressions of the beautiful country where still are allowed to flourish the exciting diversions of *roulette* and *trente-et-quarante*. The first six chapters are devoted to a history of the principality from the earliest times; then comes a description of the town itself, including, of course, the gambling establishment, where so many fortunes have been made and lost. "Non licet omnibus adire Monacum," says M. Révoil; he is one of the privileged few who have set the proverb at defiance. His journey to Monaco was the realization of a long-cherished dream; and one of its results is certainly an entertaining book, having no other pretensions than that of being a complete and faithful guide for tourists. Among other things, we notice in the volume a detailed explanation of the two games mentioned above, accompanied by curious diagrams. It is a kind of practical vade-mecum for the use of adventurous persons who have spare cash to throw away.

The systems of Auguste Comte, Proudhon, and other recent writers have so thoroughly superseded Saint-Simonism that comparatively few persons of the present day know anything of either Saint-Simon himself or his disciple Enfantin.§ It was fifty years ago or thereabouts that what was imagined to be a religion destined to change the face of society was preached for the first time in the upper rooms of the Rue Monsigny in Paris. Less than two years later the temple of "humanitarianism," transferred to the Rue Taibout, was closed by order of the French Government. A movement which has counted amongst its adherents such men as MM. Michel Chevalier, Duveyrier, Thierry, Émile Barrault, and Jean Reynaud, certainly deserves to be known, and fortunately it can be judged from the writings, not only of its adversaries, but of its friends. The works of Saint-Simon and Enfantin, carefully

* *La fin de l'anarchie*. Par Charles Bigot. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Entr'actes*. Par Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Correspondance de C. A. Sainte-Beuve*. Vol. II. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Huss et la guerre des Hussites*. Par Ernest Denis. Paris: Leroux.

¶ *La jeunesse d'Elizabeth d'Angleterre*. Par L. Wiesener. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Le catéchisme Français de Calvin, avec deux notices*. Par A. Rilliet et Th. Dufour. Geneva: Georg.

† *Aux Antilles*. Par Victor Meignan. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Monaco et Monte Carlo*. Par Bénédict Henri Révoil. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Œuvres de Saint-Simon et d'Enfantin*. Vol. XLIII. Prédications. Paris: Leroux.

reprinted by a committee of faithful followers, already form a large collection, and the forty-third volume now before us contains the first instalment of the sermons preached during the interval between April 11, 1830, and January 22, 1832. Property, the rights of women, politics, administration, and the constitution of society—such are the chief topics discussed in these fourteen discourses or addresses.

Two small volumes of a useful and practical character claim our notice because they bear upon education, and will be found of considerable value to persons who have the charge of young children. One of them is by M. Bernard Perez.* Although professing to be merely a psychological study, it naturally suggests everyday applications of the greatest importance. The second, by Mme. Fertault †, is the corollary and complement of two other treatises previously published, and contains an excellent system of physical and intellectual training for the use of young mothers.

The *Bibliothèque orientale* published by M. Maisonneuve already boasts of several important works. We have now to announce a new volume ‡, containing an analysis or summary of the Koran, prepared by M. Jules La Beaume from the French translation of M. Kasimirski. The author's idea in the first place had been to compile a kind of Koranic dictionary; but such an arrangement would not have allowed the reader to follow consecutively the chain of ideas which runs from one end to the other of the scriptures of Islam, and therefore he has preferred classifying his materials by groups of subjects. Thus we have by way of introduction the scanty historical details which the Koran supplies; the personality of Mohammed comes next, followed by the passages referring to his preaching. As M. La Beaume observes, Islamism cannot be studied apart from the influence exercised upon it both by Judaism and Christianity; hence two distinct chapters which are amongst the most curious of the work. Metaphysical science in its various branches, legislative and social organization, commerce, arts, and literature, were also more or less affected by the doctrines of the Prophet; and to all these topics correspond groups of extracts, which can easily be compared with the original text, chapter and verse being given in every instance. We know nothing of the merits of the version used by M. La Beaume; but we believe it is highly thought of by Arabic scholars. Our only regret is that the compiler of this handsome volume should have been so chary of notes.

The novels of Henri Gréville are as plentiful as ever. *Ariadne* and *La Niania* § add to the now long list of Russian tales which have given their author a distinct place amongst writers of fiction. M. Gustave Claudin's *Diomède* || is an eccentric personage whose caprices amuse the reader, and who ends a career of quasi-madness by becoming a monk at La Grande-Chartreuse. M. Eugène Muller, like Henri Gréville, deals with Russian life; but he regards it from a sombre point of view, and the adventures of his hero, the Count de Montluc, ending as they do with a journey to Siberia, are meant to show the prudence of keeping clear of the Czar's police. ¶

We have had already eight volumes of M. Émile Zola's *Rougon-Macquart*. There are twelve more to follow. Mlle. de Scudéry herself was not more prolific, and she had the decided advantage over the author of *L'assommoir* of being a great deal more decent. We must not complain, however, of *Une page d'amour* **: it is comparatively moral. But M. Zola's conceit is something ludicrous. He expects that the reader will be only too glad to wade through twenty volumes of sketches of modern society, and kindly helps us with a genealogical tree of his *dramatis personæ*, just as if they were the Capetian dynasty.

* *Les trois premières années de l'enfant*. Par Bernard Perez. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *La science de la jeune mère*. Par Mme. Fertault. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Le Koran analysé*. Par M. J. La Beaume. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Ariadne—La Niania*. Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

|| *Les caprices de Diomède*. Par Gustave Claudin. Paris: Charpentier.

¶ *Un Français en Sibirie*. Par Eugène Muller. Paris: Dreyfous.

** *Une page d'amour*. Par Émile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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